

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—A curious controversy arose between President Hoover and Governor Roosevelt of New York over the St. Lawrence power project. Frank P. Walsh, chairman of the State Power Authority, had informed the Governor, from conversations with Canadian authorities, that negotiations over the project were in progress between Canada and the United States. On August 11, the Governor wrote asking the President to inform him of the state of the negotiations. He received an acknowledgment, informally, from Undersecretary Castle. The White House and the State Department repeatedly denied that the letter had been received, and later denied the denial. Governor Roosevelt thereupon published his letter and made it clear he was expecting a formal reply from the President. Mr. Castle repeated the statement made in his informal reply that no negotiations were "now" in progress.

On August 17, the Nanking Government of China asked the United States Farm Board to sell it large quantities of wheat on liberal credit terms, as a means of averting famine in China. The Farm Board was slow to make known its answer, but it was expected to be favorable. Opposition was to be looked for from farmers, as

from the cotton growers in the German case, expecting to sell this year's product instead of what they had already sold to the Government last year.—The Farm Board's proposition to the cotton States continued to accumulate opposition. Most of the Governors voted against it, called the proposal either economically unsound or impossible of fulfilment. On the other hand, Governor Long of Louisiana suggested that no cotton at all be planted next year.—The State of Texas imitated Oklahoma in declaring martial law in the oil fields and shutting down production in the eastern part of Texas. This action, together with that of Oklahoma, reduced the United States' oil output by 1,000,000 barrels daily, or about two-fifths of the total. The avowed purpose of the military intervention was to bring back the price from twenty-two cents a barrel to \$1.00.—On August 20 Brazil offered to exchange some of her surplus coffee for surplus American wheat on a direct trading basis.

On August 19, President Hoover announced that he had appointed a new commission to deal with unemployment relief during the winter. He named as president of it Walter S. Gifford, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., who was, during the War, director of the Council of National Defense. This commission superseded the President's Emergency Committee for Unemployment, the chairmanship of which was practically relinquished by Col. Arthur Woods some months ago. The purpose of the commission was "to cooperate with the public authorities and to mobilize the national, State and local agencies of every kind which will have charge of the activities arising out of unemployment in various parts of the nation this year."

Chile.—With the resignation as Acting President of Juan Esteban Montero and the taking over of the Government by Manuel Turco, the presidential campaign began in earnest. Senor Montero resigned that he might make his fight as a private citizen. The campaign promised to be waged along class lines, for while Montero had the confidence of political conservatives, professional classes and students, the laboring groups were aiming at a coalition to place former President Arturo Alessandri as an opposition candidate. They were being led by Pedro Leon Ugalde, one of the group exiled to Argentina after their unsuccessful revolution against President Ibanez a year ago, and, the more radical among them, by Oscar Alvarez Andrews, a "Marxian Socialist" who admitted close contact with Russian Communists. The election was announced for October 4.

China.—The Yangtse River reached a record level of fifty-three feet, rendering 30,000,000 people homeless and 10,000,000 destitute, flooded Hankow and its neighbors and occasioned serious loss of life. The Nanking Government organized a National Flood Relief Commission to aid by offering food as wages for reparations work. Nanking appealed to the United States Farm Board for wheat on long-term credits. The International Silver Conference of Denver and Salt Lake suggested the wheat be paid for in silver to be remitted without interest in twenty years.—The Holy Father sent \$12,500 to the Apostolic Delegate in China to relieve flood sufferers.—The funeral of Mrs. Soong, the mother-in-law of Sun-Yat-Sen and of Chiang Kai-Shek, occasioned a reunion of prominent members of the powerful Soong family.—The Canton Government refused to discuss terms with Nanking unless Chiang Kai-Shek should resign all power.—The Manchurian Warlord checked Canton's proposed northerly invasion by offering to Shansi generals control in Southern Hupei, which offers were accepted.

Cuba.—The revolution continued active, the Government reporting, on August 19, a hard battle at Gibara in Oriente Province, culminating in a victory for the Federals. The attack was by air, land and sea, and 3,000 Federals participated as against 350 rebels. Very many fatalities were rumored. Earlier the rebels had captured Gibara. Meanwhile disorders continued quite generally in Central and Western Cuba and many small skirmishes occurred. President Machado was personally in the revolutionary area. Among prisoners captured before the Gibara battle were many leaders of the revolutionaries, including General Menocal, Colonel Mendieta and Colonel Hevia. Despite Government successes, however, the feeling of opposition to the President was intensifying, and there were rumors of defections from the army. Should these occur, the hopes of ultimate success for the rebels would be strengthened. Strict censorship of the press which was being enforced was raised after the Gibara victory. Disorders occurred in Havana, August 20.

Ecuador.—On August 17 diplomatic relations with Colombia, interrupted six years ago after the latter Government had ignored protests against the treaty of 1922 settling boundary disputes with Peru, were resumed. The good offices of Argentina were responsible for healing the breach. It was anticipated that the settlement will increase trade between the two countries. While opposition to the agreement was evidenced in some quarters among the people, Government circles in both countries were quite elated over it. Captain Colon Eloy Alfaro, son of former President Alfaro, was appointed Minister to Colombia, and Ismael Arciniegas, a Colombian journalist, Minister to Quito.

France.—In a telephone conversation held on August 14 between Berlin and Paris, Premier Laval expressed

to Chancellor Bruening his deep regret over the fact that Foreign Minister Briand's state of poor health made necessary a change of plan, and that in consequence the proposed visit of the French statesmen to the German capital would have to be postponed, probably until September. German observers, however, believed that the postponement was caused, not so much by the poor health of M. Briand, as by the newly reported stand of the Hague Court on the Austro-German customs union, and they predicted that the Premier would delay his visit until after the court had rendered a verdict. The French press, on the other hand, emphasized the determination of M. Briand to be present.

Great Britain.—After discussion lasting nearly two weeks, the so-called economy committee of the Government submitted its proposals to meet the financial emergency to a full meeting of the Cabinet on August 19. The committee consisted of the Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, of Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Arthur Henderson, J. H. Thomas, and William Graham. Their first business was an examination of the official report of the committee headed by Sir George May recommending as an essential for stability the saving each year in expenditures of £96,500,000. This economy, according to the report, could best be made in the matter of the dole and social services. The second business was that of balancing the budget for this year, which is likely to show a deficit of £120,000,000. The Labor Government recognized the gravity of the domestic crisis in finances, joined as it was to the world-wide financial and industrial depression. It was faced with two possibilities, both contrary to its policies: either a reduction of unemployment insurance and other social services, or a partial abandonment of its free-trade principles. The economy committee recommendations were apparently accepted by the full assembly of the Cabinet. These were: (1) imposition of a tariff of ten per cent on manufactures not re-exported, and on certain foodstuffs; (2) voluntary conversions of war-loan bonds to a four-per-cent basis; (3) temporary suspension of the sinking fund on the national debt; (4) special tax of one per cent on fixed income of bondholders; (5) increased contributions to insurance fund, with or without reduction of payments to unemployed, etc., with economy changes in administration. The proposals were not fully acceptable to the Trade Union Council and the National Executive of the Labor Party, because of their economies in social service. Conservative leaders, on the other hand, objected because the economies were so limited.

Hungary.—On August 13, the Government decided to release all bank accounts, the decree to take effect August 17 in Budapest and August 20 in the provinces. The decree required that three days' notice of withdrawal be given. To protect the banks against runs, the Government guaranteed that all deposits left in the banks would retain their gold value, irrespective of international fluctuation.

Berlin Conference Postponed

Financial Rehabilitation

Floods and Hostilities

The Revolution

Peace with Colombia

European Loan to Hungary

tuations in the value of currency. As a result, the banks resumed normal operations on August 17; it was reported that in most cases deposits exceeded withdrawals. Meanwhile, on August 14, Hungary was granted the loan which it had been seeking. A group of French, Swiss, Dutch, Italian, and Hungarian banks agreed to a loan of \$25,000,000, the French taking the largest part.

On August 19, the Premier, Count Bethlen, ended his ten-year conduct of Hungarian affairs when he tendered his resignation to the Regent, Admiral Horthy. He declined an invitation to form a new Cabinet. The resignation came as a complete surprise. The Premier had weathered so many severe political storms, that it was thought he would pull through the latest crisis. The immediate cause was said to be the severity of the criticism in the last few days, even from some of Count Bethlen's own supporters, over the difficulty experienced in obtaining a foreign loan. The real cause was not revealed, although there were many rumors about. According to some, the political conditions affixed by France to the loan granted two days before were such that the Count resolved to have nothing to do with carrying out the terms of the loan. It was reported that Count Julius Karolyi, Foreign Minister under Bethlen, would form a new Cabinet.

India.—Just prior to the time when he would have left India to attend the Second Indian Round Table Conference to be held in London on September 5, Mahatma Gandhi declared that he refused to take part in the Conference. Previous to this, he had stated that his attendance depended on the settlement of differences between the Hindus and Moslems. His latest refusal was based on the Indian Government's alleged violation of the Delhi truce of last March between the former Viceroy, Lord Irwin, and him, as plenipotentiary of the All-India National Congress; and especially, on the refusal of the present Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, to appoint a non-partisan committee to investigate the alleged breaches of good faith. Efforts of the Indian Government and of political leaders to persuade the Mahatma to change his decisions failed. Lord Willingdon published the correspondence over the alleged breaches of the Delhi truce; Gandhi responded by publishing other letters omitted by the Viceroy. In the latest dispatches, Lord Willingdon showed a willingness to sanction the investigation demanded by Gandhi, but with certain reservations. There was disappointment over Gandhi's decision, in India and in London. Most of the other delegates left about August 15. Mahatma Gandhi affirmed that the Delhi truce would be upheld, despite the present differences, by the Nationalists.

Ireland.—Clashes between organized groups of the traditionally hostile Orange and Catholic populations occurred along the border of the Six-County area. Several small incitements led, in the second week of August, to the interference with a much advertised and offensive Orange demonstration at Cootehill. Reprisals were made on a

Hibernian demonstration held at Armagh on August 15. While no direct attack was made on that day, Orangemen made every effort to prevent attendance, by tearing up railway tracks, blocking the roads with felled trees and other obstacles, cutting telegraph and telephone wires, and the like. At Caledon, a force of some 300 Orangemen assembled for the purpose of preventing those intending to go to Armagh from marching in a body to the station. At Portadown, a few days later, mobs caused much property damage and attacked the gates of a convent. Catholic families were forced to vacate their homes in Protestant areas, and vice-versa. Drilling of volunteers was reported through many sections on both sides of the border. In addition to the natural hostility always ready to flare up, there were additional reasons alleged for the outbreaks, such as the prevalence of unemployment, reduction in the armies of Northern Ireland and the Free State, the decrease in emigration.

Japan.—The American flyers, Herndon and Pangborn, were fined \$1,025 each for landing in Japan without a suitable permit and for photographing fortified zones in Hokkaido. The money for the fines was cabled from America. The cameras and films were confiscated.—Strained relations between Japan and Manchuria developed over the friction between Korean emigrants into that area and Manchurian officials and Chinese residents. The conciliatory policy of the Japanese Cabinet was violently criticized by their political opponents and by Japanese residents in Manchuria.

Mexico.—It was admitted by everyone that both the religious and the economic situation in Mexico had gone from bad to worse. The opposition of the radicals to Christianity was being used as a means of strengthening their power in the Government. In the State of Vera Cruz, where the situation was most acute, two churches were set on fire by anticlericals. At the same time violent opposition was developing among the people as a result of the so-called "Calles Plan" of economic rehabilitation. Its results were a curb on imports and to raise prices extraordinarily. The Government proposed to lay a special tax of one per cent on the gross receipts of all business. The budget was nowhere near being balanced. Payment had not been made on agrarian bonds for over a year, and the necessity of ratifying the new debt agreement was urgent if Mexico was to be taken out of its present insolvency. Ominous signs of political unrest were present.

Spain.—On August 13, the Parliamentary committee, composed of representatives of the several parties, which, since the inception of the Cortes, had been drafting the new Spanish Constitution, announced the completion of its task and gave to the press a part of the text of the document. The tentative provisions proposed a new plan of government by which the Senate would be abolished and the Parliament made unicameral only; the President's term

Count Bethlen Resigns

Gandhi Refuses to Attend Conference

Clashes along Border

Aviators: Manchurian Friction

Religious and Economic Situation

of office was to be extended to six years; his election would devolve upon the people instead of upon the Cortes, provisions which were expected to cause considerable debate in the Assembly. As was expected, certain articles of the draft Constitution proposed the legalization of divorce, dissolution of the Religious Orders, and the nationalization of their property. The Basque Nationalists in the Cortes were expected to form the rallying point for opposition to these articles.—On August 15, the Spanish Bishops issued a pastoral letter urging the Catholics of the country to unite in defense of their rights in the formulation of the new Constitution. Coming at a time when anticlerical feeling was strong among the Radical Socialists and at the moment when the Cortes was considering a motion forbidding the Church to dispose of property until the question of confiscation had been settled, the pastoral caused a sensation throughout the country. An authentic summary of the document was impossible at present. But the pastoral was reported to have been a denunciation of Laicism and its attendant evils and a discussion of the separation of Church and State.—Col. Francisco Macia, President of the Catalan Generalidad, met with a notably cool reception upon his arrival in Madrid on August 13. The whole capital knew that he carried with him the statute for Catalonian autonomy, and that he was about to hand it to President Alcalá Zamora for presentation to the Assembly. Feeling throughout Madrid and the rest of Spain ran high against what was called Catalonia's unpatriotic attitude in demanding virtual independence. Additional tension was created by two facts: first, Col. Macia was the acknowledged protector of the Sindicato Unico, the anarchistic labor organization which had been fomenting strikes and revolution throughout the country; second, Catalonia, which claimed to pay forty per cent of Spain's annual taxes, or about 900,000,000 pesetas, was demanding, through Col. Macia, the right to retain all except the indirect taxes, which, it was estimated, amount to much less than 500,000,000 pesetas. Col. Macia was so unpopular in the capital and his mission so much resented that the press felt called upon to urge the citizens not to engage in hostile demonstrations against him. Meanwhile, parallel to accounts predicting the success of the Catalan demands for autonomy, the newspapers carried dispatches from Barcelona reporting that the labor syndicates there had flatly demanded the establishment of "liberal communism" throughout the country.

On August 20, several days after a Cabinet meeting in which, it was reported, several Socialist Ministers urged an immediate rupture with the Vatican, the Government issued a decree prohibiting the sale, transfer, or mortgage of properties belonging to the Church or Religious Orders. This decree was the result of the Government's seizure of a letter sent across the border by the exiled Cardinal Segura in which he is reported to have counseled the Spanish clergy to convert their holdings at once in view of the impending confiscation article in the new Constitution. In reply to the Government measure, Cardinal Segura issued a pastoral letter denouncing the move as a violation of natural rights and of rights guaranteed in the

Concordat between Spain and the Vatican. A protest from the Vatican was predicted also.

Reparations Question.—After a very strenuous week of intensive deliberation at Basle, the Committee, representing the Bank of International Settlements under the leadership of Albert H. Wiggin, of New York, finally reached an accord and issued its report, signed by all the representatives of the interested nations. The Wiggin report achieved two important results: first, it gained for Germany a six-month respite, dating from August 18, on the short-term foreign notes to the amount of \$1,200,000,000; second, it stressed the necessity of all interested Governments of recognizing their responsibility to secure general political stabilization as an essential condition for general financial and economic stabilization. It was made clear in the report that Germany could not safely increase its short-term indebtedness; and that long-term loans would not be granted by international bankers until the basis of security should be firmly established by friendly cooperation and complete understanding on the part of all the nations. The report hinted that the burden of reparations must be reduced, if Germany was to find her way out of its present embarrassment.—The World Bank created a new position of economic adviser to the Bank for International Settlements. The distinguished Swedish economist, Per Jacobsson, formerly connected with the economic section of the League of Nations, was chosen to fill the new post. His duty will be to investigate the balances of international payments, and so to know the pulse of the world's finances as to be able to give warning of approaching crises.

To all observers it was plain that the present extension of credit was not a solution of the German crisis, but a fortunate breathing spell during which the nations could reconsider the reparations problem from every angle and work out a permanent solution for the political, as well as economic, peace of Europe. Hopes were high that at Geneva next month, whither the nations were expected to send their Premiers and Foreign Ministers for a final solution of the European problem, adequate readjustments would be drafted and approved.

Permanent
Solution
Pending

Church
Properties
Law

The recently intensified campaign to exalt Indian paganism in Mexico gives timeliness to Eber Cole Byam's article, "Mexican Indians and the Church," to appear next week.

"A Carroll Myth," by D. C. Lawless, will untangle a case of mistaken identity in the history of the founding of Washington.

In dialogue form, Anthony J. Beck will reveal the popular ideas of two classes of citizens on the depression, in "Men and Machines."

"The Beggars' Chorus" will be an interesting account of Chinese beggars by a missionary, James F. Kearney.

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Deferred Marriages

ASPORT for which there is no closed season consists in instructing college administrators how to conduct their institutions. Job had his advisers, but they were few in number. Besides, the rhythm in which they couched their advice was so perfect that it must have been charming to listen to them.

The modern college president has advisers without number, and very few of them write with distinction. They cultivate the direct man-to-man style which consists in informing him that good old Backwash has been going to the dogs ever since he assumed the presidency. Editors, too, are quite familiar with this type of epistolary correspondence. They can sit on the ground, circle-wise, with college presidents, to mourn—or to smile—and then reach for the file, or the wastebasket. Yet the fact that diatribes are common is, in a real sense, a tribute to the college.

Many things are going wrong in these topsy-turvy days, and the one institution that, at least to the external view, has not greatly changed, is the college. There, if anywhere, argues the man on the sidewalk, we ought to find devotion to the old ideals, and the professional spirit which is willing to spend itself without thought of recompense. The disinterested ambition to serve, characteristic of every college, is among the most valuable of society's assets, he thinks, but it ought not to confine itself to interests that are purely academic. The college must never forget that one part of its work is to prepare these young men and women to found homes.

Perhaps it does give that training, concludes the critic, but if so, the training is far too long. The system is so extended that a young man is twenty-one years old before he receives the bachelor's diploma, and four or five years must elapse before he is ready to face the world as a lawyer or physician. Unless he is unusually fortunate, his fees in the first three or four years will barely cover

his expenses. How, then, can he even think of marriage and a home?

The point is well taken. It should be possible to take up the slack in the sixteen-year system. No one will seriously assert that every one of these years is so completely occupied that not even a part of it can be omitted. Indeed, there is excellent reason for the claim that the first eight years could be reduced to six, and in case of the exceptional pupil, to five or even to four years. Given competent teachers, with pupil loads small enough to permit what the school catalogue terms "personal attention," and a solution of the problem can be reached. But the very assumption predicates a new series of difficulties. Competent primary-school instructors are as rare as competent college instructors, and in the larger cities, the mass-production methods are still thought to be the only way of caring for thousands of children who must be taught somewhere and somehow.

In any case, the burden of blame should not fall upon the college president. The difficulty is certainly not of his making, and no one college can do away with it. As yet, however, the elementary-school administrators are reluctant to shorten the eight-year plan. Agreeing that it can be shortened for the exceptional pupil, they are unwilling to go farther. Unfortunately, however, few local systems include a means of affording relief, through promotion, to the gifted child. Gifted and backward alike must pass through the same hopper.

Neither from the literary nor from the social standpoint are the results satisfactory. Here we have a problem that calls for speedy solution. Something is seriously wrong with the educational system which, in practice, makes it necessary for young men and women to defer marriage until the eve of the thirtieth year.

The Glory of the Lord

ALL over the country public and private associations for the relief of the sick and destitute are preparing for a hard winter.

Committees have been appointed to survey local fields, and to arrange programs. In some cases, these contemplate action by the State legislatures, either in the form of direct relief through an appropriation, or through the initiation of desirable public works. While action of this kind can easily be carried to an extreme, and programs can become so complicated that they hinder rather than aid, what has been done thus far appears to be justified by the gravity of the situation. Unless both private and public relief organizations can count upon larger donations than they have ever received, their work will be seriously crippled.

It is therefore wholly proper that every individual do what he can to aid them. At the same time, however, he should not feel that he can shift the whole of what the law of charity requires from him, to a committee or an association. In the spirit of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, every Catholic should give of his time and of his energy, as well as of his money. Only thus can those most distressing of all cases, the poor who shrink from societies and boards, be aided.

"I should have known you, Lawd," says Noah, in one of the most moving of the scenes in "Green Pastures." "I should have seen de glory, Lawd." When in every one of God's children who is in distress we see the glory of the Lord, and minister to Him, we practise the truest charity.

Catholic University Day

IN a letter addressed a few years ago to the Hierarchy of the United States, the Holy Father praised the work of the Catholic University of America, and expressed his hope that the plans then contemplated to give it a wider field of usefulness would be supported by the entire Catholic body in the United States. The action of a special committee of the Bishops which convened early in August now gives assurance that the hopes of the Holy Father will be fulfilled.

To praise all that has been done for education in this country by the Catholic University seems a needless task. It is certainly a useless task, unless we give support in proportion to our eulogies. Too many of our people, as we have frequently pointed out, fail to recognize that colleges and universities cannot be adequately supported on an endowment of good wishes. Any Catholic institution can make one dollar do the work of two, but every institution has its periods when even one dollar cannot be had.

Speaking academically, the wisdom of the Founders who nearly fifty years ago began to witness the fulfilment of their plans for a national Catholic university, has been justified. Among the youngest of the universities, the Catholic University ranks with the oldest in the value of its courses, in the learning of its professors, and in its contributions to the advance of science and art. The influence of the University in creating educational leaders has been most marked. Practically every diocese in the United States can call upon the service of men trained at Washington, and every year sees its masters and doctors, lay and cleric, on the faculty list of colleges directed by the dioceses and by the Religious Orders. Its work in preparing men to supervise the parish schools is nothing less than providential. For years we wandered about uncertainly, wondering how much time must pass before we could give anything but lip service to the decrees of the Third Council of Baltimore. Through its courses in education, the Catholic University has brought that uncertainty to an end.

Most regrettably, however, the financial support given by Catholics has not been in proportion to the zeal of the Rectors and professors of the University. In some parts of the country, the annual collection for the University has been a mere formality, bringing in a harvest of dimes when dollars were needed. In some years the totals for the entire country may have seemed impressive, but compared with the requirements of the University, they have always been sadly inadequate. Placed side by side with Harvard and its endowment of more than \$100,000,000, or with Yale and its endowment of nearly \$90,000,000, the Catholic University with only \$3,000,000, is the poor little sister among the universities. In the devotion of its

administrators and of its professors, not one of whom receives compensation in keeping with the value of his services, it is true that the Catholic University possesses an endowment not to be calculated in terms of money. But apart from the fact that even a day laborer is worthy his hire, there are projects which the University cannot carry through successfully, unless it is supported by liberal endowments.

When an institution is dependent upon groups which supply hardly enough for current expenses, it may seem rash to think of endowments. But the Catholic University must not be allowed to falter in its great work for lack of endowments, and we believe that endowments can and will be secured. The Bishops have not published their complete program; but its first phase, as reported by the N. C. W. C., "contemplates the stimulation of interest on part of members of the Church throughout America by a National Celebration of Catholic University Day."

The details of the program as they are disclosed will be published in the Catholic press throughout the country, and with the blessing of Almighty God, for whose greater glory the University was founded, the campaign will be successful. Let every Catholic not only pray that the wishes of the Holy Father and of the Hierarchy may be met, but prove the sincerity of his prayer by contributing according to his means.

The Pot and the Kettle

IT has become a custom within recent years to transfer several judges from the West and South for the summer months to the Federal bench in New York. This custom pleases the judges, for it enables them to spend a vacation at the seashore, with the genial Federal Government paying the bill for transportation. It also pleases the newspapers. News is hard to get during the doldrums, and some of these judges can readily be induced to express their opinions on a variety of topics not directly connected with the Federal statutes, or with the reason for their presence in the city.

Last month New York was edified by the attendance of the Hon. Richard J. Birdseye, who, when the snow flies, sits on the Federal bench in a Western district. Judge Birdseye hails from the original Prohibition belt, and he brought with him to the wettest city in the country (except a few in the belt named) all the conclusions gathered during an extended career under the auspices of the Anti-Saloon League. Frank and marvelous were the opinions *in re* New York handed down daily by Birdseye, J., and daily promulgated by the press. Many of the inhabitants drank beer and other forbidden beverages, he observed; they bet on the races, and humbled themselves before the racketeer, and in other ways disported themselves, in His Honor's judicial language, like a dog on an ant hill too lazy to get up and fight the ants. But like Pope in the '60's, he had come out of the West to lead a reform. He began in his court with a poor over-rated sneak thief, lately engaged in a small way in beer running, whom we shall style Bugs Rubenstein.

Bugs got the limit. With all the majesty of Kenesaw Mountain Landis fining the Standard Oil Company \$29,-

500,000, Judge Birdseye imposed the maximum sentence. Having thus thrown the fear of the law into criminals, Birdseye, J. retired to the fastness from which the Federal Government had temporarily drawn him. He carried with him the record of more newspaper publicity than any of his predecessors had ever obtained.

But there is one story which not a single newspaper published about Birdseye, J. It is the story of the manner in which his appointment to the Federal bench was secured. Possibly His Honor has forgotten it. Birdseye formerly adorned the supreme bench of a Western State. He appears to have had no high standing as a jurist, but he had what was better—the support of the Anti-Saloon League which gladly paid the expenses of Birdseye's sporadic campaigns against the demon rum. Recommended for the Federal bench by the dry Senators from his State, Birdseye's credentials were examined by Attorney General Mitchell, who reported to the President that the man lacked the qualities which a Federal judge should possess. The President acquiesced, but the Senators had only begun to fight, and probably on the ground that the game was not worth the trouble, the President yielded. The adverse opinion of the Attorney General was cancelled, and after eating several large slices of humble pie, Mr. Mitchell reported that as a jurist Brother Birdseye fell just short of John Marshall. The Senate confirmed him, along with another jurist strongly recommended for the bench by reason of a long and profitable career as counsel for a number of corporations; whereupon this *par nobile fratrum*, these twin luminaries of the law, ascended the bench, one to enlighten the East, the other to gleam in the West.

The moral is plain enough. Judges and bar associations complain that courts are falling in the esteem of the public. The chiefs of police in convention assembled throw back into the Wickershamian teeth the charges of the President's Commission. But how can the public have any other opinion, when judges revel in newspaper publicity, and the police pursue criminals through miles of newspaper columns, but nowhere else?

Communism in Kentucky

THE tactics of the Communists in the Kentucky coal fields are working out to their usual results. The strikers are under indictment, or in jail, and the Communists have the publicity. The miners in Harlan county have been on strike since last February, and their condition is abjectly wretched. But they suffered in silence, and until recently the strike was free from violence. In the words of the circuit judge, all was peace "until these snake doctors came here from New York."

We have no sympathy for Communists or Communist methods. Their one purpose is to aggravate the evils of which the workers justly complain, and the last thing they desire is peace on an equitable basis between employers and employees. The only useful end any Communistic movement can serve is to focus attention on tyranny.

The attempt of the Harlan authorities to scotch these snake doctors from New York will probably be successful. But it is to be hoped that they will not overlook

such minor incidents as the shooting of Boris Israel, a correspondent for the radical labor press. Lynch law tolerated by constituted authority is worse than Communism.

After the New York snake doctors have been incarcerated, under due form of law, the authorities would do well to turn their attention to the labor conditions which led to this strike. Judge Jones attests that up to the present all has been peace in Harlan county. That may be, but there is a peace which is founded on justice, and a peace which is exhibited by men intimidated by violence or weakened by starvation. We should like to be certain which sort of peace is found in Harlan county.

As long as the State puts up with the excesses of the capitalistic system, we shall have Communists. Throwing them into jail, while turning a blind eye to the evils which give them an apparent justification, is as stupid a process as trying to cure a cancer by ignoring it.

The Parish Priest

FIRST he built a school. Then he built a church. After that he built an addition to the school. His operations turned next to a residence for the teachers, and after that he seemed to slacken. He was always "thinking" about a new house for himself, to replace the straitened quarters which sheltered his assistant and himself, but he never got beyond that stage. There was the debt, you know, and times are hard, and we can get along well enough for a while. Then, on August 16, he died.

This builder was the Rev. William C. Rourke, parish priest in charge of the Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, in the beautiful village of Scarsdale, some twenty miles north of New York. He was a leader in every movement for the improvement of the community, and his wisdom always enlightened the counsels of the town fathers. But at that point, apparently, his influence ended. He never thought of himself as a hero, and the world seems to have shared his opinion. His death was chronicled decorously in the local and in the New York press, with a word or two in appreciation of his work. But that was all.

For thousands of parish priests, a similar obituary, thank God, can be written. They are heroes, but unknown heroes. Their mortal remains soon mingle with the pitying dust, and thereafter the memory of them lingers, as Thackeray has written, only in a tender heart or two. But another tale is told at the bar of God. The souls of little children, saved through the schools they built, plead for them, and that is a prayer which the Saviour always answers. The salvaged men and women over whom those priestly hands were raised in absolution to bring them back to God and a new life, cry out for them, and the cry is as that of Dismas from the cross.

The works of our unknown heroes do follow them. They are garnered by the Recording Angel to be presented in the sight of Him Who has promised life everlasting for so small a boon as a cup of cold water given in His Name. Blessed indeed are the people of God in shepherds who walk on quiet, hidden paths, leading them to the waters of life.

The Catholic Library Association

WILLIAM N. STINSON, S.J.

AT the Twenty-eighth Annual Convention of the National Catholic Educational Association held in Philadelphia June 22-25, 1931, a new organization to be known as the "Catholic Library Association" was formed. Since the year 1923 the librarians of the Catholic colleges, high schools, and academies had been functioning as a Section of the College Department of the N. C. E. A. The expanding program of this Library Section, the work already in hand, and new projects to be undertaken, which lay beyond the scope of the N. C. E. A. activities, made it advisable to ask separation from the parent organization that the work of the Catholic libraries might be carried on more definitely and efficiently.

This request was graciously acted upon at the closing General Meeting of N. C. E. A. Convention on Thursday, June 25, 1931, and on that day the "Catholic Library Association" began to function. The preamble of the constitution of this Association states its aim: "The purpose of this organization shall be to initiate, foster, and encourage any movement directed toward the progress of Catholic library work." The Association will function under a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, and an executive board of six members, two of whom hold office for one year, two for two, and two for three years. Membership is open to all interested in the purposes of the Catholic Library Association. There are two classes of membership, individual and institutional. The annual dues for individual membership are two dollars a year, and for institutional membership five dollars a year. These dues include subscription to the *Catholic Library World*, the official organ of the association, appearing monthly.

The time is opportune for an organization of this kind. For some years past there has been a constant growth of interest in Catholic library work. We are far more library-minded now than we were ten years ago, and from present indications we shall continue to be increasingly so in future years. What has brought about this happy change? No doubt, the thousands of Sisters attending various Catholic summer and extension schools who in their work have pursued studies that demanded the use of library facilities, have been an important factor in bringing about this new interest in library work. Standardizing agencies, too, have helped. At present the Standardization Committee of the N. C. E. A. has over eighty colleges on its accredited list of standard colleges. That means that every one of these colleges has met the library requirements of this standardizing agency and has a library of at least 8,000 volumes of live material.

During a year of library study in 1922, the writer journeyed to Notre Dame, Ind., to examine what was then, as far as he knew, the single example of a Catholic college possessing a separate library building. And now, less than ten years later, we have new separate library buildings at

the Catholic University, Fordham University, Holy Cross College, Boston College, Loyola College, Baltimore, Rosemont College, Loyola University, Chicago, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, University of Dayton, the University of Santa Clara, and perhaps several others unknown to the writer; certainly a remarkable record for ten years.

Of course, it is quite clear that to have a library does not at all imply the need of a separate library building. Hundreds of our Catholic educational institutions have very well-equipped libraries, though they may have to wait for some years before they can house their treasures in a separate library building. It is books, carefully and wisely selected, and efficiently placed at the service of those who wish to use them, that make a library. And it is a most encouraging sign of library progress to see, from personal inspection, so many of our Catholic colleges and academies building up their book collections on this fundamentally true principle.

The library school at St. Catherine's College, St. Paul, Minn., conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, gives another and one of the most outstanding proofs of Catholic library progress. Though established only a few years ago, this library school has already gained a place on the list of accredited library schools and has won an enviable record through the work of the students whom it has sent out. We have now, thanks to St. Catherine's College, one library school at least, where Catholics, Religious or lay, can receive professional training to fit them for work in Catholic libraries.

As the Catholic Library Association begins its work, it has two major activities claiming its attention: the *Catholic Periodical Index* and the *Catholic Library World*. To the continuance and further development of these two important projects all its energies must be first directed. When these have been firmly established, the Association can turn its attention to the furthering of other splendid projects for the progress of Catholic libraries, which projects have already been proposed as pertinent to the Association's activities. But the *Catholic Periodical Index* claims first importance. This publication, appearing quarterly, indexes by subject and author the contents of nearly fifty representative Catholic papers and magazines of America and Europe. It opens up for those consulting it all the wealth of material stored up in the indexed magazines. The convenience thus offered and the amount of time saved are patent to any one who has tried to hunt up magazine material. Instead of having a student look through forty-seven different magazines, the *Catholic Periodical Index* brings the results of all this searching into one volume, and lists the material under an author and subject index, and so does in a few moments what would otherwise require many a tedious hour of searching.

Since 1922, when the first paper on the need of a Catholic index to periodicals was read by William Stetson Merrill, the publication of such an index has been con-

sidered as the most important work the Library Section could do for Catholic higher education. It was, then, a source of great satisfaction to the members of the former Library Section when they saw their dream of eight years realized in the appearance of the first number of the *Catholic Periodical Index* in March, 1930, under the editorship of Dr. Francis E. Fitzgerald, the then President of the Library Section of the N. C. E. A. The publication was welcomed at home and abroad as "a worthwhile and meritorious work," "one of the most progressive steps taken in Catholic education since the beginning of the present century," "a work of utmost importance," etc.

The completion of the first year of the *Index*, a cumulated cloth-bound volume containing all the entries for the year 1930, is now in the press of the H. W. Wilson Co., of New York City, and distribution is promised during the month of August. The volume, until the first issue is exhausted, will sell for \$4.50. After that the price will be advanced. Subscribers to the *Catholic Periodical Index* are, of course, entitled to receive a copy of this cumulated volume as part of their yearly subscription.

It was a matter of some surprise to the board of cooperating editors to find that the practical worth of the *Index* as a library help was not more quickly recognized. It may well be that these cooperating editors, keenly enthusiastic themselves over the project, did not count on a sufficient length of time for the idea to make its appeal and to sink into minds less interested than their own. However that may be, those most interested in the success of this really important work for the progress of Catholic scholarship have profited by the lessons taught them in the school of experience. And the beginning of their second year finds them ready with far more definite plans for the furthering of a knowledge of the *Catholic Periodical Index* and for the increase in the number of its subscribers.

At the beginning of its second year the *Catholic Periodical Index* is naturally better known than it was a year ago. But when all has been said and done, the fact remains that the only real hope of success of the *Index* lies in united effort on the part of all for whom the *Index* is published. If each one and every one of our Catholic college, high-school and academy libraries would do its share by sending in its subscription, there would be no more problem of the permanent success of the *Catholic Periodical Index*.

The second major activity claiming the attention of the Catholic Library Association is the official organ of the Association—a monthly publication known as the *Catholic Library World*. This unpretentious bulletin, begun in the Fall of 1929, is another proof of the untiring energy and enthusiasm of Dr. Francis E. Fitzgerald. The care and development of this monthly may well claim the best efforts of the Catholic Library Association. Many journals start with an elaborate number and peter out as the months go on. The *Catholic Library World* has reversed this method of procedure, and from a very humble beginning has steadily grown with each succeeding number. It offers the only opportunity known to the writer of gain-

ing a knowledge of Catholic library activities and of an interchange of ideas among Catholic librarians throughout the year. It is probably because of this fact that it has gained such a welcome from those who know it. When one considers the number (easily over one thousand) of Catholic libraries that are scattered through the country, it does not require long thought to understand how helpful and interesting would be a monthly publication devoting itself entirely to the interests and problems of these Catholic libraries. And this is just what the *Catholic Library World* does.

Not only because of what it has already done, but even more because of its potential future, the Catholic Library Association is whole-heartedly interested in the *Catholic Library World*. Thus far it has appeared only in mimeographed form. One of our first desires is to bring it out in printed form. Surely the matter that it contains and will continue to contain merits this more dignified setting. The fulfilment of this desire depends almost entirely on the response to the appeal of the Catholic Library Association for a largely increased membership list. As was stated above, the annual dues for classes of membership, individual and institutional, include yearly subscription to the *Catholic Library World*.

Wasn't it Bulwer Lytton who said that a man can have no greater joy than to help a youth achieve his dream? The realization of this joy is now in the hands of all who are interested in the purposes of the Catholic Library Association, and who remember that "actions speak louder than words."

Frenchie, the Bus Driver

JAY MACKSEY

HE is "Frenchie" to everyone along his route and he knows every man, woman and child in his territory. His hand was waving and the horn was honked continuously throughout the trip. Certainly no young lady, whatever her charm, was passed up without a salute.

The bus was two-thirds full, the day I speak of. There were the salesman, of course, the newlyweds returning in silence from their honeymoon, the smart city man, the widow, and the widower, a priest sitting alone in the second seat, the mother and two small children, and a group of colored folk in the rear.

* * * * *

SMART MAN: Frenchie, is there anybody whom you don't know around this country?

FRENCHIE: Yeah, I know pretty near all of them, me. You know, 'cause I come by this road so much.

With a raucous blast a companion bus passes us in a cloud of dust through which, however, we can discern the forms of two small boys clinging to the rear of the bus. Frenchie cries out in alarm.

FRENCHIE: See that! Hookin' a ride. And if they fall off and get hurt, the bus company gets the blame!

Violent honking on Frenchie's part warns the other driver that something is amiss; as the other bus slows, the two boys dart across the road and are almost run down by a passing car.

FRENCHIE: See that! What I told you, huh!

Follows business of colored woman very large of stature making slow progress up the narrow aisle of the lurching bus. Frenchie suddenly sees her bulk in the mirror.

FRENCHIE: You getting off here?

MAMMY: Yassuh, I done pulled the cord but nothing happened.

FRENCHIE: Yeah? That's funny 'cause I'm pretty sure it works.

MAMMY: Well, I can try it again.

Mammy gives buzzer cord mighty jerk and all but rips it from the ceiling. Buzzer buzzes audibly as bus slows to a stop.

MAMMY: It works now all right.

Mammy's disembarking backwards induces general smiling; everybody eases up and Smart Man lights a cigar.

WIDOW: (To man across aisle) A little thing like that makes the whole world kin.

WIDOWER: Yes'm, I guess you're right about that. You going to Cajantown, may I ask?

WIDOW: Yes, and a little beyond; about 40 miles down the highway.

WIDOWER: I live out that way myself, Big Bayou neighborhood.

SMART MAN: (Pointing with cigar to rather old and weatherbeaten but still beautiful mansion ahead on right) Frenchie, what is that over there?

FRENCHIE: (Looking at small cottage on his left) What, that thing?

SMART MAN: No, this place over here! (As bus roars past entrance.)

FRENCHIE: (Gazing straight ahead) You mean those trees right there?

SMART MAN: No, no, we've passed it now. That beautiful mansion back there.

FRENCHIE: (Looking in mirror) Oh, *That* place! Oh, yeah, I see what you mean. That's a house—

SMART MAN: Oh, it is—

FRENCHIE: (Busy with traffic snarl) Yeah, that's one of them houses; been there a long time; some people live there.

SMART MAN: Oh, I see, I see! (As with gestures of resignation he gives up the quest.)

WIDOW: (To widower) A beautiful old place, wasn't it. Ever since my husband died in '29 I almost hate to leave home, although I do get to the city more than the average.

WIDOWER: Well, what a coincidence! I buried my wife about three years ago.

WIDOW: (Giving tiny, silvery laugh) Well, that is striking, isn't it! Do you still run your business down there?

WIDOWER: I should say so. I have the neatest medium-sized plantation in that parish. Sugar-cane and potatoes. Right on the bayou. And I have a half-interest in an oyster concern. And out of season I get around a bit.

WIDOW: How splendid! I must say, my John left me fairly well provided for; I can't complain.

Business of much shouting and waving by Frenchie as various citizens are given proper salutes. Bus stops at country station. Frenchie turns to the passengers.

FRENCHIE: Five minutes' stop for lunch. Coffee, sandwiches, cocola, cigarettes in the store. (To bride) Yes, ma'am, five minutes. (To priest) Father, how about a cup of coffee?

Twelve minutes intervene. All passengers have returned to the bus.

SMART MAN: What in the world is keeping our driver? Didn't he say five minutes?

SALESMAN: Buddy, we'll be here for some time yet. Frenchie is inhaling hot roast pork sandwich smothered in brown gravy.

Frenchie comes running out of restaurant wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

SMART MAN: Well, do you feel better now?

FRENCHIE: Man, I sure do! That was a good sandwich! (As gears clash) And I couldn't eat it all, mmm-uh! I didn't have time and I sure hated to leave half of that good sandwich behind me, yes sir!

CHORUS OF SMART MAN, SALESMAN AND WIDOWER: Oh, Yeah?

FRENCHIE: Yeah!

WIDOW: I don't see how people can enjoy a pick-up snatch like that. If I do say so myself, I consider myself a good cook and I do love home cooking.

WIDOWER: That's the gospel truth. And home cooking is one thing I've missed these past few years. And the older I get, the more I miss the bouillabaisse that Mother used to make.

WIDOW: Old! Why, you're not old. You cannot be more than forty.

WIDOWER: I'm exactly 41.

WIDOW: Well, I'm over 31 myself (with giggles).

At that moment Frenchie pulls the siren cord; the shrill blast frightens the passengers. Three colored men walking along the road ahead are to all appearances lifted bodily into the bushes while a group of young colored people astride the porch rail of a nearby cabin are thrown into spasms of laughter at the fright of these men; children holding their sides roll on grass.

WIDOW: (Breathless, and using compact) My, that was frightening!

Little boy, solemn of mien, and with two tear streaks down his dust-filmed face, stands by Frenchie's seat.

LITTLE BOY: Frenchie, please don't blow that siren any more.

FRENCHIE: My, that scare you, huh? All right, sonny, I won't blow it no more.

The bus has gradually filled up and every seat is taken. A family group of two women and three children surrounded by numerous bundles waves for the bus to stop.

FIRST WOMAN: Take us to Cajantown, no?

FRENCHIE: We can take you anywhere you want to go. Only we're crowded, you can see; you'll have to stand up.

FIRST WOMAN: Well, we do what we can, you know. And I'm so tired, me, and the children. How much it cost?

FRENCHIE: Let me see. It's sixty cents apiece for the two ladies, and the children, they are half-fare. That makes \$2.10.

FIRST WOMAN: So much! We are not like the millionaires from the city, you know. You no have reduction if we stand up, yes?

Frenchie shakes his head. Second woman pours out a torrent of rapid French to the effect that to charge so much for helpless women and children is insufferable, but what can they do? They must get to Cajantown.

SALESMAN: (In a burst of irritation) Come on, cut the palaver! Let's get going!

The voice of the "Yankee" marvelously puts an end to the diplomatic negotiations and the whole party edges into the aisle of the bus. The luggage is packed away and with many a suspicious "Urk-urk" from one of the bundles, the bus proceeds. The final run of concrete is reached. Passengers sigh with relief that the gravel roughness and the dust are passed. Frenchie honks at a waving farm family a quarter of a mile distant.

WIDOWER: (The passage is free between the widow and himself) Well, it will be smooth going from now on.

I hope you don't mind this question, but have you ever thought of marrying again if you found the right man?

WIDOW: Yes, I'm sensible that way. If I met the right man and he was willing, I'd be willing, too.

WIDOWER: How long are you staying in Cajantown?

WIDOW: I'll have to stay until that five-thirty bus.

WIDOWER: That's fine. So do I. How about a lunch and a movie?

WIDOW: Why, that will be just lovely!

With much waving Frenchie gayly pilots the big bus down Main street and into the bus station.

FRENCHIE: Here we are! Next bus for the west at five-thirty.

WIDOWER: Frenchie, how far away is the movie theater?

FRENCHIE: You see that steeple down thataway?

WIDOWER: Yes.

FRENCHIE: Well, that's the church. And do you see that big red brick building this side of the steeple?

WIDOWER: Yes.

FRENCHIE: Well, that ain't the movies; that's the Court House, but the movies are a block and a half this side of the Court House. Now, don't forget how it goes: first, the movies; then the Court House, and then the church. You see? That's right, ain't it, Father? (To priest).

Passengers who have paused while this dialogue was going on, are amused, but the priest has passed on. The widow is suffused with blushes. The widower looks questioningly at Frenchie, but the latter's expression is masked as he cups his hands to light a cigarette.

Inland Sea

Cloud shadows flooding swiftly quiet meadows
Flow toward green slopes, as to pale dunes great seas
Fling foaming crests on far-off golden beaches
Swept clean by rush of salty landward breeze.

And if resounds no crash of wind-borne breakers
When shadowing purple pours on distant hill,
Within the silence of an inland valley
Remembered ocean, surging, whispers still.

AMY BROOKS MAGINNIS.

The Story of a Bad, Bad, Book

IRVING T. McDONALD

IT was in the year of Our Lord 1758 that there was issued in the city of Madrid the first volume of an innocent-looking work which, for all one could know from the title page, was the harmless biography of a preaching friar, one Gerund Zotes. The biographer was not known among the literary, but that was not to be wondered at in those days of inexpert publicity departments; so Francis Lobon de Salazar was gullibly believed to be a real person, and curate of the parish of St. Peter in Villagarcia.

Just how the word got around is not known. Possibly some impish person caught on that *Zotes* in Spain meant "blunderhead"; or perhaps a serious-minded critic tried to locate the Zotes home according to the solemn statement on page one that it was "in the province of Campos between the west and the south, looking directly towards the east from that part which is opposite to the south"; it may be that suspicion was aroused by grave references in the text to such unfamiliar authorities as Pasqual Oniono, Domingo Sheepfoldos, and Blas Garlicketo. At any rate, word *did* get around. And the first edition of fifteen hundred copies was exhausted in three days without the endorsement of a single Book-of-the-Month Club.

Things began to pop. Friar Gerund, it appeared, was only a fiction, comical or contemptible, ingenious or disgusting, wholesome or explosively dangerous, according—well, according to where you stood. The Inquisition was appealed to. But strangely enough it was found that the Inquisitors themselves had encouraged the publication of the work and had already testified in writing to its value. They called it "one of those lucky expedients that indignation and hard necessity suggest when the best means have proved ineffectual." They had capacities for humor themselves, these old Inquisitors, and they indulged them when they added, "nor are we to find fault if the dose of caustic and corrosive salts is somewhat too strong, as cancers are not to be cured with rose water."

But the approbation of the Holy Office could not silence the hue and cry. Some of the most learned among the Spanish clergy, including grim-jawed and displeased representatives of several religious Orders, went straight to Ferdinand VI with their complaint.

"Such merciless criticism," they protested, "will diminish the respect due to ministers of the Gospel! It renders all Religious Orders ridiculous in the eyes of the vulgar! The result will be a very subversion of religion!"

In a country where it was the custom to acclaim a popular preacher with loud and prolonged applause at the conclusion of his sermon, it was easy to imagine, with all the shudders of a bad dream, the contrary reception that would await the bombastic scare-Christian or the superficial dithyrambist once the public had been taught the art of pulp criticism.

The most glorious of the Spanish Bourbons poked his tongue into his cheek and was dreadfully busy; what would you expect of the friend and patron of Friar Gerund's perpetrator? The indignant clerics refused to quit the fight. They kept it up, urging their arguments

with the greatest vehemence, and enlisting by way of reinforcement several Spanish bishops, until at length the Council of Castile, no doubt pestered beyond endurance, suppressed the bad, bad book to restore peace to the family.

Thus it happened that twelve years elapsed before the second volume of Friar Gerund's singular career could be released to a wistful public; twelve years during which a certain humorous Spanish Jesuit must have rocked with laughter every time he thought of it.

"The History of the Famous Preacher, Friar Gerund of Campazas" was not the first essay in satire of José Francisco de Isla, S.J. Once, indeed, in his earlier days, he had been consigned to parochial duties at San Sebastian as a gentle hint to dull the point of his pen a little. Perhaps he did. A subsequent satire of his was so charmingly subtle that its very victims passed a vote of thanks for the compliments they believed he had paid them in "The Triumph of Love and Loyalty." The authorities of Pamp-lona had urged him to commemorate the accession of Ferdinand VI by some striking composition, and he could not forebear to caricature the grandiloquent pomposity that he knew would parade on such an occasion. The vanity of the poor Pamplonese was flattered beyond all previous experience, and no praise was too great for him who had perpetuated them so mellifluously.

Those were of his youth, however. The years never sobered his wit, but they brought him a keen conscience of the damage done to faith by a certain type of pulpiteer that had flourished for centuries throughout continental Europe. He was not the first to inveigh against them by any means. As far back as St. Augustine—yes, even to St. Paul—the Fathers and Doctors of the Church had thundered against "these corruptors of the Sacred Scripture in the very chair of truth." More recently, Claudius Acquaviva and John Paul Oliva, Generals of the Society of Jesus, had deplored them with sorrow in their hearts. These, Isla reflected sadly, had had no effect. Nor had the scorching criticism of Nicolas Caussin, nor the pulpit condemnation of Father Vieyra, that Portuguese master of sacred oratory, nor the condemnation of the celebrated Archbishop of Cambray himself; nor the attacks of any who relied on "arguments, texts, decisions, canons, councils, constitutions, edicts, answers, fulminations, sighs, tears, grief, beseechings, exclamations, threats, promises."

There was one weapon that had not been employed (save indifferently by Erasmus) and that was the poniard of satire, the same shiny blade with which another Spaniard had effectively pricked an inflated disorder of his own day; a blade that Father Isla kept well ground and ready in his own sheath. So he created Fray Gerundio.

If the satirist was accused of malice, the charge was unfounded. Nowhere in the work does he insinuate that one class or Order is more culpable than another. True, he makes his gerundical preacher a friar, and that would seem to exculpate the secular clergy. But he explains that by solemnly pointing out that there were twenty times more friars than seculars in the country, and that "though the Fathers and Dons preach as badly as possible, yet the Friars preach worse because there are more among them who preach badly."

The scheme of the book is simple and effective. With a comical prolixity that could serve to satirize today's behaviorists, the prenatal influences and childhood of Gerund Zotes are described, and particular circumstances stressed. For instance, the Zotes establishment was a favorite overnight haven for wandering friars who would pay for hospitality by rehearsing their pet sermons to the household. These the child Gerund would mimic and retain, especially if they contained absurdities, for "if, by any miracle, any good thing dropped from them, he had not a faculty to take it."

His experience with teachers was as unfortunate as with preachers. After studying a term with an egotistic ignoramus and imbibing large quantities of nonsense, he was placed in turn under a furious phrase-spouting Latinist and a hair-splitting logician who, "if he were asked how he did he would answer, *materialiter* well; *formaliter subdistinguo*; *reduplicative ut homo*, nothing ails me, *reduplicative ut religiosus*, I am not without my troubles."

The addleheaded youth was persuaded to seek membership in a Religious Order by a not over-scrupulous lay brother, whose descriptions of the pranks and sports of the novices quite convinced young Zotes that monastic life would be a holiday career. His passage through training is written with a restraint and innuendo that are delicious, and that (but for the frowning eye of the make-up man) would tempt the scrivener to enlarge on this part of the work.

At length the fledgling friar begins his pulpit career. And the behaviorists are justified: he preaches precisely as one with his heredity and environment might be expected to preach. And now Father Isla gets in his work. He takes actual sermons that had been preached, published and praised in Spain, and putting them into Friar Gerund's mouth, exhibits them in a ridiculous light that had not shone on them before. He lays about him mercilessly, stripping the pretenders to scholarship, the ignorant of theology, the hypocritical fame seeker, and the rest of the homiletic scallawags, of their meretricious bedizements, and making hilariously visible their scrawny, impotent nakedness.

He was not a destructive critic. He challenged no defect that he was not prepared to remedy. His scholarship was sound, his counsel sane, for he himself was one of the greatest preachers in Spain's history. And while the faults he assailed are seldom met with now, at least in the degree to which he found them swollen, the student of pulpit oratory might spend his time to less advantage than in perusing the many passages in which the principles and technique of the preacher's art are treated with simple justice.

His influence in Spain was great, and to believe that his memory persisted beyond his own generation it is only necessary to know that a century after his time a journal in his native land, whose editorial policy can be guessed, adopted the name *Friar Gerund*. Today you meet him sometimes in an antiquarian book catalogue; or under the bedside candle of a feeble-minded old dodderer whose peculiar appetite prefers the likes of him to other, more available fare.

A Leader of Philosophic Thought

R. LAWRENCE DAVIS

RECENTLY, Dr. Robert A. Millikan, who is director of the Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics and Chairman of the Executive Council of the California Institute of Technology, delivered the first of a series of addresses arranged by the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education. In introducing the famous physicist to his radio audience President Hoover said: "Doctor Millikan is more than a physicist. He is one of America's leaders in philosophic thought." He is said to have abandoned materialism. If Dr. Millikan is, indeed, a "leader of philosophic thought," it seems very pertinent to inquire, before following his leadership, whither he proposes to lead us and by what route he proposes to travel.

As Dr. Millikan spoke as a scientist and not as a philosopher, we must, if we wish to become acquainted with him in the latter capacity, turn to his writings, representative of which is, I believe, his volume, "Science and the New Civilization" which contains not only an exposition of his method of approach, but of the philosophic and religious conclusions which he reaches by its application.

What, then, is the weapon that Dr. Millikan offers us with which to storm the citadels of truth, if we would return laden with the spoils of knowledge? It is, the author informs us, the objective or scientific method. Fear and hope, prejudice and superstition, all subjective impulses and desires, must be cast aside, if we would penetrate the curtain of our ignorance and stand face to face with Truth. Only the keen edge of the objective method can rend the veil and disclose to us the truths of nature and of life. It is distinctively the method of modern scientific analysis. It is the method which utilizes our powers of observation and of reason. It consists in the collection of all available facts, in the deduction of conclusions which must necessarily follow from them, and in interpreting them in a manner which shall be consistent with the facts themselves. Dr. Millikan has reason to extol this method since, unquestionably, it has been responsible for the remarkable advances in his own particular field, and he does extol it. "Is it, then," he asks, "too much to say that modern science has remade philosophy and revived religion?" He has in his hands a powerful weapon for the pursuit of his philosophic speculations. Let us see how, with the weapons of his choosing, he "remakes philosophy" and "revivifies religion."

The central doctrine of Dr. Millikan's "revivified religion," the rock upon which, apparently, he would build his church, is the idea of the "Golden Rule." How keenly obsessed he is with this idea and how strongly he emphasizes it for his reader may be seen from the following quotation from the final chapter of the above-mentioned book.

When he [Jesus] said, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you even so do ye unto them, for this is the

law and the prophets," I take it that he meant by the last phrase that this precept epitomized in his mind all that had been commanded and foretold—that it embodied the summation of duty and of aspiration (p. 168).

I begin to feel uneasy. What is happening to the "objective method"? Is the edge of this remarkable weapon becoming blunt? Or is the arm of its glorifier becoming weak? How, indeed, are we to account for such an obvious and inexcusable misinterpretation of St. Matthew? Surely the author is not unacquainted with the succeeding chapters of his authority! Only a few chapters beyond the above passage the Evangelist quotes Christ as follows:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and first commandment. And the second is like unto this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments dependeth the whole law and the prophets (Matt. xxii, 37-40).

To love one's neighbor as oneself is truly, as Christ said, "the law and the prophets," but it is not, as Dr. Millikan says, "the summation of duty and of aspiration" and it decidedly does not, in Christ's mind, "epitomize all that had been commanded and foretold." For Christ distinctly specifies a first and greater commandment and says very clearly: "On these *two* commandments dependeth the *whole* law and the prophets." Now I am not quibbling with Dr. Millikan on this point, for there is something deeply significant in his attitude of calmly ignoring "the greatest and first commandment" and in emphasizing, to its utter exclusion, the second and lesser, an indication of which we may get from the following two short passages from his book.

The service of the Christian religion, my own faith in essential Christianity would not be diminished one iota if it should in some way be discovered that no such individual as Jesus ever existed (p. 168). . . . the credentials of Jesus are found wholly in his teachings, and in his character as recorded by his teachings, and not at all in any real or alleged historical events. . . (p. 169).

Whatever Dr. Millikan's concept of "essential Christianity" may be, this is certain: if his faith in it "would not be diminished one iota" if Jesus never existed, then the existence of Jesus Christ, paradoxically enough, does not enter into the concept. It really does not matter to Dr. Millikan whether Christ existed or not. For him Christ is little more than an idea, an abstraction, a mere name symbolizing the "Golden Rule." How such a shadowy individual can be said to possess "credentials" at all, is rather difficult to comprehend. Yet Dr. Millikan unhesitatingly informs us precisely in what these credentials consist and in what they do not consist. It would be interesting to know the sources from which Dr. Millikan learned the credentials of Jesus (viz. His teachings and His character) and also his sources for the "real or alleged historical events" in which Christ's credentials are

found "not at all." I presume that the sources are in both cases the Gospels. Just why they should be trustworthy in the one case and not in the other is not very clear, particularly as they are used in the same way as historical documents. Perhaps the objective method has furnished the author with some superior form of historical criticism, albeit somewhat confusing to the reader. Dr. Millikan, however, gives us his concept of his Christless Christianity, his "revivified religion" in the following passage:

My conception, then, of the essentials of religion, at least of the Christian religion, and no other need here be considered, is that those essentials consist in just two things: first, in inspiring mankind with the Christ-like, i.e., the altruistic ideal, and that means specifically, concern for the common good as contrasted with one's own individual impulses and interests, whenever in one's own judgment the two come into conflict; and second, inspiring mankind to do, rather than merely think about, its duty, the definition of duty for each individual being what he himself conceives to be for the common good. . . . As I shall use the words, then, moral and immoral, or moral right and wrong, are purely subjective terms (p. 169).

Dr. Millikan is, indeed, "remaking philosophy." He is "remaking" it with such incredible speed that, while on page 22 of his volume he "regards the development and spread of this method (the objective method) as the most important contribution of science to life, for it represents the only hope of the race of ultimately getting out of the jungle," on page 169, treating of that most important aspect of life, morality, which he appears to associate so intimately with that most important activity of life, religion, he declares himself to be an out-and-out subjectivist. He started forth, a gallant soldier, his shining blade aloft, its scabbard thrown away, leading the way "out of the jungle." Now his flight has become so precipitous that he has even cast aside his weapon. A truly startling metamorphosis!

Dr. Millikan, then, has discarded his "only hope of ultimately getting out of the jungle." He consequently continues to wander therein, but with this disadvantage: there is no longer method in his wandering. Now it is well known that those who wander in the jungle without method have a tendency to wander in great circles. Dr. Millikan seems not to be exempt from this inexorable "Law of the Jungle." He appears, like others in his unfortunate position, to be unable to orientate himself, as the following would seem to indicate:

The amazing insight of Jesus is revealed by the fact that he kept himself so free from creedal statements. . . . But his followers, unlike him, have throughout two thousand years in many instances loaded their various branches of his religion with creedal statements which are full of their woefully human frailties. . . . (p. 190).

It would be interesting to learn from what source Dr. Millikan acquired the impression that Christ "kept himself so free from creedal statements." Creedal statements are those statements submitted for belief. Now even Dr. Millikan admits that Jesus taught, for he finds the "credentials of Jesus wholly in his teachings." In fact the Gospels consist entirely of these "teachings," or of the "real or alleged historical events" which Dr. Millikan does not care to classify as "credentials" of Jesus. That

Jesus considered these teachings as creedal statements is immediately evident from such words as:

My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me (John vii: 16); Amen, Amen I say to you: he that believeth in me hath everlasting life (John vi: 47); As the Father has taught me, these things I speak (John viii: 28); The words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life. But there are some of you that believe not (John vi: 64-65); If you continue in my word, you shall be my disciples indeed (John viii: 31); Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned (Mark xvi: 15-16).

It is unfortunate that Dr. Millikan was not specific in pointing out just what human frailties fill, for instance, the Apostles' Creed or the Nicene Creed. Beyond the mere statement, however, our "leader of philosophic thought" has left us totally in the dark. He is not so obscure, however, in his definition of the Deity, as we may see from the following passage.

These men [those, namely, who have filled their creeds with their woefully human frailties] have often reflected in their creeds the state of knowledge or the state of ignorance of the universe, or of God, whichever term you prefer, characteristic of their time. If some one wishes me to change that last implied definition of Deity so as to make it read, the unifying principle of the universe, I shall not object. . . . (p. 190).

The clarion note of Dr. Millikan's trumpet has sounded. Out of the tomb, the odor of the grave still upon it, rattles the withered skeleton of a long-dead pantheism. So this is philosophy "remade"! this is religion "revivified"!

Now this interesting question arises. Just what is it which has led to Dr. Millikan's entire false attitude toward the matter he is discussing? It is not ignorance of his subject matter, though his lack of knowledge in his newly adopted field is most palpable. This is merely responsible for his inaccuracies. It is not merely shallow thinking, though this, too, is painfully evident. This is merely responsible for his inconsistencies. The real cause lies deeper. It lies very precisely in the falsity of his preconception, in the falsity of his original assumptions. Life is not a syllogism—not even for a philosopher. In life there is a continual interplay of very subtle forces. Emotions, tastes, environment, experience, things within and without our control—our dispositions, our physical conditions, our education—these and many other factors, sometimes so ephemeral that we scarcely catch their significance, together with our reasoning processes, either formal or informal, go to make up that unique pattern which is the life of each individual. Thus we find ourselves, in all the practical things of life, acting upon a number of antecedent presumptions, which are to us more real and vital than the most formally reasoned arguments. These presumptions are, and are generally recognized by men as, an indication of our characters. Dr. Millikan is no more exempt from such antecedent presumptions than the most humble man in the street. It is just in these presumptions that his whole difficulty lies.

The fundamental assumption of Dr. Millikan is the denial of even the possibility of the supernatural. Man has no need of Divine help or guidance. He is self-sufficient; his only hope lies in his own unaided effort. He

is not a created and a fallen being; he emerged out of the cosmos by the process of evolution. Consequently there is no necessity for a Messiah; the existence of Jesus is inconsequential; man simply does not need Him. This phantom known as Christ did not found a Church; self-sufficient man cannot brook authority. There is no law-giver; each man shall be the judge of the right or wrong of his actions. Man is supreme. His senses and his reason are his only competent guides. There is nothing beyond the natural, the observable, the reasonable, that is real. This is the rationalism of Dr. Millikan. This is the rationalism of which Father Dalgairns said in the last century, dating the present phase of it from Descartes, that it "has perpetually oscillated between a dogmatic Pantheism and a skepticism, transcendental or empirical" ("The Holy Communion," p. 45). This is the rationalism against which Cardinal Newman directed his University Sermons and, indeed, most of what he wrote. It is the philosophy which offers itself as the "only hope" and ends in despair. It is pregnant with brilliant promise; it ends in abortion. It is conceived in pride, and is flung headlong into the abyss of abomination. It hides its wrinkles under soft-flowing robes; it is as old as Satan. It takes us upon the mountain top and tempts us, showing us the glories of the promised land, but the fruit of that land is bitter with the bitterness of death. It chants the hymn of brotherhood, but listen, its song is maudlin sentimentality. It bids us drink from the purling brook of charity; it has poisoned the fountainhead. It can roar, upon occasion, like the lion, yet it is as insidious and as wily as the serpent. It pretends at times to journey with Christ, yet, utterly devoid of faith, it walks no more with the Master.

Is it possible that a philosopher of such a school is "one of America's leaders of philosophic thought"? America is in a sorry plight, indeed, if its hopes are placed in such leadership as this. Pride for humility; a puny human reason for Divine Wisdom; a sentimental humanitarianism, without root or substance, for a charity for all men in the brotherhood of Jesus Christ as adopted sons of God—this is the substitution of materials in the rationalist's house built upon the sands. If we are to have any hope of "ultimately getting out of the jungle," we may, indeed, use the objective method as an aid, but we must not become so obsessed with it that we lose all sense of perspective and direction.

PEOPLE

I watch them pass along the city street:
People . . . and people . . . and more people still.
What are the secrets and the thoughts which fill
Those swift, staccato glances that I meet?
And what is hidden under a veneer
Blithely decreed by custom or by fashion?
I cannot know the wistfulness, the passion,
The yearning unexpressed, the love, the fear.
That slim, sophisticated youngster there . . .
That prosperous fellow . . . that pale, shabby clerk . . .
I can but guess the elusive dreams which lurk
Behind their masquerade. And would I dare
To question them—to mock at their disguise? . . .
I wonder what they read within my eyes?

CATHERINE PARMENTER.

Education

O'Neill Makes Up His Mind

ELIZABETH WALSH

REMOVING the icebag from her throbbing brow, Mrs. John Baxter O'Neill wearily prepared herself for dinner. She would have greatly preferred toast and tea in her room, but that would bring down upon her the gentle scolding of a solicitous and somewhat old-fashioned husband who, moreover, tolerated but did not approve of the exhaustive club work into which his wife had so ardently flung herself. But Mrs. O'Neill, having dutifully raised her family, and having a penchant for giving talks and lectures, had made an enviable niche for herself in the various clubs of her city, and in that niche she very decidedly intended to remain. Indeed, as she sat at dinner somewhat later, pretending to eat, and scanned the faces of her family, her weariness departed, giving place to a pleasant feeling of self-approbation. Her life was a perpetual sacrifice for her family. She was, she assured herself, a very good mother.

"Well," ventured Mr. O'Neill pleasantly, "how did the talk go today? Have you finally succeeded in abolishing wars, dear?"

"We will." She spoke with some acerbity. "We mothers intend to expend our entire efforts, if necessary, to prevent our sons from going to war. I cannot see how anybody can be so calloused as to be unaffected by the terrible thought of our young boys going out from protected homes into Heaven-knows-what danger. And why? For the prestige of some nation—so that a country may acquire more possessions, more wealth—or to avenge some insult."

Mrs. O'Neill was gradually working herself up into her best platform manner. John, Jr., attempted to avert a repetition of his mother's entire speech. "So they liked your lecture, mother?" he inquired innocently.

"Indeed," responded his mother with dignity, "Mr. Haynes Bixby said that my talk today was most impressive, most illuminating."

"Splendid," replied Mr. O'Neill enthusiastically, with one eye toward the brightening sky, and musing on a pleasant week-end at golf. But suddenly his brow clouded.

"By the way, Mary, have you and Junior done anything further about his school? I had expected to run up to New England and visit a few headmasters this week-end, but I'm afraid I'm all tied up."

"With golf, Daddy?" his small daughter inquired impishly.

Mr. O'Neill grinned sheepishly, but otherwise ignored the remark. These youngsters were getting too keen about his weak spots. "Of course," he continued, to his wife, "of course, there's that Catholic school Father Mulcahey told us about—"

"John Baxter O'Neill! How can you bring up that suggestion again? How can you? Don't you know we have decided that it is absolutely important for Junior to form valuable friendships with all kinds of the best people—not simply Catholics. He can always meet them at

church. But his future in business or in a profession is absolutely made or marred by his social contacts. I can substantiate this by the opinions of eminent college professors."

Mr. O'Neill subsided. He was not an argumentative man. After all, what did he know about schools or colleges. Mary was much smarter than he, much better educated. And the boy himself had certainly set his heart on preparing for X University. In Mr. O'Neill's opinion that university was nothing more than a big exclusive club. He was vaguely disturbed at the importance given by his family to social prestige; but he was, he knew, like most fathers, inordinately proud when his wife or children had gained some social victory. It was pleasant and gratifying to see small complimentary accounts of their achievements in the papers: "wife of Mr. John Baxter O'Neill . . . the children of Mr. John Baxter O'Neill."

With conscious efficiency, Mrs. O'Neill sent for the catalogs of the best preparatory schools, weeded out those that had too many unrecognized names on the enrollment list, and promptly arranged interviews with several headmasters. In each case, the headmaster informed her that there were still a few vacancies in the student body. The son of O'Neill, the wealthy contractor, backed by an "A" rating in Bradstreet's, was decidedly a good four years' prospect for any preparatory school. At the end of three pleasantly conversational days, Mrs. O'Neill had picked out a school.

At least she thought she had. In reality the headmaster who was the best salesman had picked John. He soon found the pitch of Mrs. O'Neill's thoughts and desires, and accordingly put his own conversation into the same key.

He delicately pointed out that John would room across the hall from the son of a famous actress; that he might have for his roommate the heir to the Simpson-Tweed fortunes; that he would, in all likelihood, be an intimate friend of the grandson of a famous writer. And the boy would, without a doubt, be properly prepared, by the school's unusual and superior methods, for the university of Mrs. O'Neill's choice, which institution was, so the headmaster assured her, the university *de luxe* of the country.

All these things Mrs. O'Neill wrote about to her husband. "And, you dear worrisome thing," she added, "you don't need to fret about Johnny's religious welfare. I was especially insistent about that. There is a Catholic Club at the school, and every Catholic boy has to go to Mass on Sundays. Tell Father Mulcahey that—"

At first Mr. O'Neill was reassured and immensely relieved. He could enjoy his golf a great deal better now. Occasionally of late a doubt about John's future had spoiled a mighty good game. He was so thankful now that he decided to triple his donation to the foreign missions' collection. But somehow, as the days went on, his mind was not at rest. When he should have been concentrating on matters of business, he found the strangest memories distracting him: certain afternoon walks to Sunday Vespers, long ago, in his own boyhood; the nightly

recital of the Rosary during Lent; the countless little devotional acts, so much a part of his youth, that had undoubtedly strengthened him so that he had withstood many temptations. Perhaps it was for this very moment, for this very decision now facing him, that these devotional acts had been performed, so that the memory of them, at this time, would instigate him to do some special thing. But what a disturbing thought. Why, Mary had always taken care of the matters pertaining to the children. He ran his business, and ran it well.

But he couldn't rid his mind of the problem; furthermore, he could not sleep. What was his aim in life, anyway? Why, to place the feet of his children on a higher rung of the ladder than that on which he stood; higher in every way. Higher . . . higher . . . higher . . . the words beat into his being. Higher ideals . . . higher standards . . . higher education. He had always boasted that he was a self-made man, that he had received no so-called "higher" education. But hadn't he? Perhaps, in the most important sense, he had had a higher education . . . sound education in the fundamentals of character building and in things spiritual. In things that count. Why, he and other rough and ready self-made men of his acquaintance had, in a sense, received an education higher than they were going to give their sons. There was something wrong somewhere.

One of the qualities that had made Mr. O'Neill successful in business was a dogged insistence on getting to the bottom of things. So it was but natural that at his first opportunity he should take an early train for the small New England town which boasted of being the home of the famous Alton School.

From the moment of his arrival at the school he found himself succumbing to its very obvious advantages. The headmaster was a specialist in education, who knew boys well and knew how to get scholastic results from them. He was a psychologist, too, and a past master in salesmanship. Soon Mr. O'Neill was proudly discussing young John's athletic prowess; soon he was sharing the headmaster's vision of the boy as an outstanding quarterback on the X University's football squad. He was getting dangerously near the point where he was smiling indulgently at himself for his squeamish notions. He was getting old, he supposed. But deep down in his heart was planted an abiding conviction that no sophistry could confound.

The telephone bell rang. After the headmaster had answered it he turned to his visitor:

"Will you excuse me for just a moment, Mr. O'Neill? There are some alterations being made in the building and work is being held up temporarily awaiting my decision on an important point."

Mr. O'Neill was glad to be alone, glad for a brief respite. He bowed his head and prayed: "Come Holy Ghost . . . enlighten me . . ." He prayed with humility, for the power and for the courage to do the thing that was right. Upon his decision might rest not only the happiness and the salvation of his son, but even of his son's sons, and of countless generations to come.

He wondered afterwards when it was that he became

aware of voices in the next room and of the application of what they said to his problem. The headmaster had passed through the next office, leaving the door somewhat ajar, and the breeze from the open window had opened it a little more. Two of the secretaries were talking, gossiping, in fact, about one of the school's clients—about himself, his family.

"... the mother was here the other day ... you remember ... she's the enthusiast about world peace and the abolishment of war. She says she won't let her boy go to war."

"But here she is," said the other voice, "sending her son, pushing him, in fact, just as blindly into a warfare more deadly, preparing him for a pagan university, equipped with no spiritual weapons, more than likely."

"More money than brains," said the first secretary succinctly. "Why, whenever a Catholic boy's name appears on the roster, I say a short prayer to his patron saint, asking him to guard the lad with special care. Oh, some boys come through all right ... but then I've seen others. So have you. Funny, but it is like war."

"Yes," retorted the other. "War, shell shock, and crippled limbs? Why, they're nothing compared to the evils of irreligion that exist—that have to exist under present-day conditions—in the average boarding school and college. We *know*."

"Yes, we know too much; and we're talking too much."

The other gave one last fling. "But it makes me wild. What a spiritual handicap to thrust on a boy fifteen, sixteen, or even eighteen years old! All for a particular brand of social prestige ..."

It hurt, that bit of conversation, hurt his pride, hurt his heart. Of course, they had forgotten his presence in the next room, or more likely had thought that he had left by the outer door prior to the headmaster's exit. What thrusts beneath the belt! But John Baxter O'Neill said a brief thanksgiving to the Holy Ghost, and a few minutes later, after courteously leaving the bewildered headmaster, caught the next train for home.

He girded himself for the verbal tussle that was sure to come. But he had no doubt whatever about the outcome. John O'Neill's mind was made up.

SONG

Time's graver will work deep
Upon this spring-time face,
This wisdom and this grace
But quickens to a sleep.

Yet, as the candle dies,
One who was young with you,
Remembering how the blue
Of lakes was of your eyes,
Shall summon back his years
For seeing you, and shall say

How love sees no decay,
And full of a fair deceit
Shall call upon death to wait,
Seeing a lover's tears.
And death's compassionate
And will forgive the cheat.

J. G. E. HOPKINS.

Economics

The Plight of the Railroads

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

IN his fascinating volume, "The Railroad Builders," John Moody retells the story of the Granger movement of the '70's. Founded by Oliver Kelly, who was not a farmer but a clerk in the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington, the "Patrons of Husbandry" began as a kind of social group on a Masonic basis. Its impressive paraphernalia of signs, grips, passwords, degrees, and, possibly, goats, real or symbolic, made quite the finest show that had yet dawned upon the consciousness of the man with the hoe.

Those were the days, it must be remembered, when, after leading the lowing kine to their sleeping quarters, the farmer could not return to the settin' room to tune in on the radio for a bout with the Philadelphia Symphony. Nor could he crank up the Ford for a spin into town, and a view of Gloria Garbo in "Hearts Aflame." After putting the cows to bed, nothing was left but to follow their example. Life on the farm was just one thing like that after another.

It is easy to understand, then, why the Patrons, "Grangers," as they came to be known, swept through the Middle and Far West like a prairie fire. At last the farmer had something that promised to bring a bit of glamour, mystery, and romance into his life and his wife's—for women played an important part in the society. Beginning as Maid, Gleaner, Shepherdess, and Matron, they might advance, as ambition fired them, to the higher degrees of Demeter, Pomona, and Flora, typifying Faith, Hope, and Charity. Meanwhile their spouses were adorned with the ribbons and gewgaws appropriate to their degrees as Laborer, Cultivator, Harvester, and Husbandman. The initiation, it was whispered, outdid anything ever seen in Odd Fellows Hall, since the night when Lem Foster tipped the lamp over in an effort to escape, and might' nigh set the hull dummed place on fire.

Precisely what Kelly had to hide back of this mumbo-jumbo folderol—if anything—does not appear. But politics and religion, it was made plain, were subjects on which discussion was to be avoided. The chief purpose was to improve the social life of the farmer, so that he could converse lightly and with sophistication on subjects not directly concerned with fodder and the new red barn. Yet at a very early stage, propositions looking to such valuable forms of cooperation as common marketing and purchasing of supplies, were made. Then, with a suddenness that probably surprised some of them, the Grangers were swept into the whirl of politics. It was inevitable, for contact between the Grangers and the railroads had been established, and the contact quickly became conflict. The farmer had to have ready access to a market, and the best way of getting it—sometimes the only way—was through the railroads.

But the roads were high and mighty in those days. All of them, so at least the farmers thought, yielded in rapacity only to Jesse James and the Murrel gang. "Geewhillikins,

can't a man do what he likes with his own property?" asked Commodore Vanderbilt, according to a bowdlerized edition for the use of the public. The doughty Commodore thought that he could. So thought most of the railroads. So, too, for that matter, thought most of the public. The idea that they owed duties to the public found no glad welcome in the Eocene corporation skulls of the '70's.

But it soon penetrated the skulls of the Grangers. They fought hard to sell the idea to the legislatures, particularly in Iowa and Wisconsin, and with such success that the cries of plundered and bleeding railroads were shortly rending the welkin. Some of this legislation was all but confiscatory, and even when sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, had to be repealed. But one lasting result of the battle was the discovery by Congress that it could and should control interstate railroad traffic, even down to fixing maximum freight and passenger rates. The Grangers began as a social club for farmers, but ended as a club which the Interstate Commerce Commission could use to beat railroads into submission.

The Commission has justified its existence, although like all human schemes for betterment, it has not brought about all the positive improvement that was hoped for. Yet let it be remembered that the Commission has been obliged not only to discuss but to solve, at least for this day and train, problems that would have puckered the brows of Solomon and Aristotle. Jefferson did not believe it humanly possible to devise a tax that would operate equitably. By the time we have devised a fair rate for freight and passenger service, the only sort of transportation that people born in the year 2000 A. D. will be concerned about, I think, is how to get out to the cemetery. If you are going to fix a fair return on the investment, you must first find out what the investment is worth. You must also justify your assumption that the Government may rightly guarantee a return to a railroad, when it does not guarantee a return to you or me who sell shoes for a living, or grow wheat or tobacco, or write articles that nobody reads.

But allowing the assumption, the Commission has a very pretty case on hand, submitted some weeks ago. The roads ask a general increase of fifteen per cent in the schedules on all freight, with such adjustments on coal and coke as will preserve the existing differentials. The point to be decided is whether this increase is justified by a proper interpretation of the Federal transportation act of 1920, and the Commission's own ruling, two years later, that a fair return is five and three-fourths per cent.

It must be admitted—and I should not admit it except under the duress of facts—that the roads make out a good case. Since the adoption of the transportation act they have never had a return of 5.75 per cent. In 1921 the rate, as reported by the Commission itself, was 2.96; in 1930 it was 3.27; and the highest point in the decade was 5.15 in 1926. In the first four months of 1931 a new low level of 2.07 was struck. The roads assert that they are properly managed, that every device to operate effectively and economically is used by them, and they cite figures and graphs in evidence. Freight-locomotive miles per diem, for instance, are steadily increasing, although

fuel consumption shows a steady decrease. "No further substantial economies are possible," and the roads are unwilling to adopt a policy of general wage slashing.

They have already gone to the limit in reducing the number of employees, so that they have fewer today than at any time since 1909. One road alone, the Louisville and Nashville, has been obliged to lay off nearly 20,000 employees in the last five years. It is further argued that unless the roads can obtain relief, the margin of safety in the bonds held by the public, totaling in value more than five billion dollars, will be crossed. The increase of fifteen per cent would guarantee an income of about four per cent, conserve the credit of the roads, and permit the re-employment of thousands of men now out of work. No increase in passenger rates is asked.

Opposing the increase are the National Grange, the Illinois Live Stock Shippers Association, the American Sugar Cane League, the American Cotton Manufacturers, the California Walnut Growers Association, the Kansas Public Service Commission, and other public and private groups. These shippers assert that an increase far from helping the roads would only drive traffic to competitors, the truck and the steamship. The Grange and the Kansas Commission point out that while the general level of farm prices is only eighty per cent of the pre-war level, "freight rates are still 155 per cent of this level," and hence the farmer cannot possibly pay the increase. They admit that the roads are not earning five and three-fourths per cent, "but many customers of the roads have enjoyed even less prosperity." In general, the argument of the opposition is that the increase, without helping the roads, would only make the present depression worse.

Should the increase be granted, the added rate on commodities will, of course, be passed on to the consumer. There is no way of averting that. The shipper will pay the rate, to be reimbursed by the consignee, who reimburses himself by jacking up the price of his goods. But nobody reimburses the man who must buy shoes for his children, or the housewife when she goes to market. There seems to be no way of averting that either.

With Scrip and Staff

WITH the bi-centennial celebration of George Washington's birthday in mind, the National Conference of Jews and Christians has chosen February 2 and 3, 1932, as the appropriate time for round-table sessions of a national seminar on the topic of "Religious Liberty and Mutual Understanding." The meetings will be held in Washington, D.C. Appropriate, also, is the coincidence of the meeting with the scheduled opening of the World Conference on Disarmament, which is due in Geneva on February 2, 1932. Disarmament between nations may be likened to the laying aside of obstacles towards good understanding between religious groups. Indeed, material disarmament presupposes some degree of spiritual harmony.

The Conference reports success with its round-table sessions, 134 of which took place during the year 1930. Forty colleges have held such conferences. Thirteen re-

gional seminars are to be held this autumn and winter, leading up to the conference next February. Among the Catholics who have taken part in the conference are Prof. Carlton Hayes, of Columbia University, Michael Williams, editor of the *Commonweal*, Dr. Denis McCarthy, of Boston, just deceased, Father E. J. Walsh, C.M., of St. John's College, Brooklyn, Father Michael J. Ahern, S.J., of Weston, Mass., and Father Thurber M. Smith, S.J., of St. Louis University.

THE success of the Conference, it appears to me, will depend on the fidelity with which it clings to a realizable objective, and refuses to be led astray into tempting by-paths. It is perfectly possible, under our Constitution, for men differing in religious beliefs to live together in peace and harmony. Where this peace and harmony is interfered with by mutual misconceptions, the Conference's work is plain: friendly discussion and appeal to authentic sources of information. For instance, as the Pilgrim already pointed out (May 16) in his discussion of Rabbi Bernstein, Catholic teaching concerning the Gospel narrative does not necessarily imply that "the full moral guilt for the worst crime in history falls squarely on the Jewish people"; nor that Judas is necessarily the type of all Jews, but only the renegade, unworthy member of that race.

On the other hand, Christians can learn to recognize the degree to which legal observances form an actual part of Jewish religion. In this it differs from Christian positive Church law, which is not so much a religious observance in itself, as a means for ensuring the observance of religion and morals.

THE conference, however, goes further. It aims not only to unite Jews and Christians "in good will"; but also "to promote cooperation in behalf of a social order more nearly based on those ideals of justice, fellowship, and peace which are common to the prophetic traditions of Jew and Christian alike."

Such cooperation, it is evident, has its limits. It must confine itself to a practical working order, to the concrete problems of charity and justice that meet us here and now. When we try to construct an ideal order, to find a perfect and ultimate solution, we cannot agree. For the Christian can find no ideal order, no ultimate solution, which leaves out of consideration the Divine Kingship of Jesus Christ.

The conference program, however, as announced above, does suppose a minimum of common "prophetic tradition" for Jews and Christians, to serve as a basis for the kind of immediate, practical cooperation which they have in mind.

What then, is that minimum of principle, or of "prophetic tradition"? In the Pilgrim's opinion, it is belief (1) in a personal God; and (2) in a spiritual soul; with the natural corollary of these two, which is that the spiritual soul is responsible to the personal God.

Granted this minimum basis, the sincere Protestant, the Catholic, the orthodox Jew or Mohammedan, can yet agree on such matters as respect for government, the

sanctity of oaths and sinfulness of perjury or blasphemy, the need of safeguarding public morals, the need of religious instruction for the young, and so on.

But the Catholic cannot on any known principle lastingly cooperate with the supposedly "tolerant" groups, if these reduce religion to mere sentiment or vague humanitarianism; still less with the atheist or occultist and pantheist. They have no other permanent basis of cooperation.

WHERE, then, do the Rotary clubs expect to land, if they permit tolerance of irreligion to take the wheel? We learn that at a Rotary luncheon in the Hotel Commodore, in New York City, presided over by Owen A. Coogan, on August 6, a professional freethinker discussed the program for religious instruction to public-school children proposed by the Interfaith Committee. Going beyond the question at issue, the professional atheist attacked the idea of religion in general. "Education," he observed, "makes for morality and religion adulterates it with superstition. . . . If religion would cure crime we would be living in a paradise today."

The question, of course, is pertinent, as to what atheism, as a system, is doing to prevent crime; and what sanction it can offer for morality. Particularly pertinent, when it is related by Dr. Frederic Funder, in the N. C. W. C. News Service, dated June 15, that Dr. Brandl, chief of the Vienna police, and international authority on criminology, told the International Congress for Religious Psychology, meeting at Vienna, that the inwardly religious man is seldom connected with law-breaking. With regard to juvenile criminals Dr. Brandl stated: "If they have lost their religion they are more prone to commit crime than those who have preserved some religious faith. In the case of grave crimes, almost invariably it is found that the offender's religious feeling is either wholly lost or strongly diminished." The same authority, incidentally, informs us on July 6 that Austrian Catholics were frankly puzzled, at the recent international convention in Vienna of Rotary clubs, to hear the Rotarian organization set up as "the future educator of mankind."

Even so undogmatic a person as Dr. Clarence Cook Little told the teachers at Columbia University on July 30 that "education and religion are twin sisters. You cannot be an educator and a lover of youth without being at heart a lover of spiritual things"; though he soon cut away most of his proposition by demanding that all religion reduce itself to mere individual judgment.

Clearer light was thrown on the subject by Father John J. Hynes, S.J., President of Loyola University, New Orleans, when he remarked at the close of the Loyola summer school that "something is wrong with an educational system that brings about a decrease in illiteracy and an increase in crime"; and continued:

Thinking men today are drawing a deadly parallel, showing on the one side that the United States is spending more money than any other nation in the world on education and that the illiteracy rate is going down but showing on the other hand that our criminal rate is mounting with terrific rapidity. We therefore ask if something is not wrong with our educational system.

Men of principle can respect one another, even when they differ.

THE PILGRIM.

Dramatics

Big Moments in the Drama

ELIZABETH JORDAN

EVERY theater lover has tucked away in his subconsciousness certain dramatic stage episodes which he can never wholly forget. Sometimes these are complete scenes in a play—scenes adding climax to climax, nerve tension to nerve tension—until, as in the great scene of Clyde Fitch's play, "The City," nervous women are led down the aisle in the agonies of hysteria.

Sometimes these unfading memories are the merest bits: a deep look, a slight gesture conveying a world of meaning, a swing of the shoulders or a lift of the head. Few spectators who saw her will fail to recall that instant in "The Abyss" when Madame Nazimova, having decided to go on the street as the only means of supporting her helpless little brother, crosses her room to the door in the first stage of her terrible journey. All the agony of that decision, all the knowledge of what lies before her, all the spiritual and physical shrinking of a fine nature from such a fate, are in the walk with which she crosses to that door, and in the gesture with which she flings the door open. Back of her lie light, warmth, security. Outside are darkness and the wolves. Recalling that scene, even now I can feel the slow chill down my spine, the tension of every nerve, with which I watched it. Those are the moments for which theater-goers live. That thrill is their highest tribute to the art of play or player.

And yet, looking back, one can recall a surprising number of similar thrills evoked by a mere passing iridescent instant of acting. Years ago, at the Empire Theater, William Faversham appeared in "Lord and Lady Algy." It was a good play, but I have forgotten its plot and most of its characters. What I have not forgotten and shall never forget is a look, not a very long look at that, turned on one character by another. The scene was between the star, Faversham, and a minor actor, his gentleman jockey in the play, a youth of twenty. As I recall it, a brilliant young actor named Wheelock, now dead, played the jockey's role. Lord Algy had staked all that was left of his great fortune on a race run by his favorite horse, and the horse had lost. The young jockey felt that the race was lost through his riding, and said so. I don't recall the lines at all. I remember only that Lord Algy, great gentleman and good loser, reassured the boy in a few words and that the lad, dumb with misery but infinitely grateful, replied only with a look. It was a look that held all the hero worship young eyes could express; and the young face in which those eyes were set was actually illumined. For an instant, while the scene held, the audience sat breathless. Then, from every part of the house, came sudden, spontaneous, irrepressible applause, interrupting the scene, drying the tears in many eyes, releasing the caught breath, but testifying once more that New York audiences are never too "hard-boiled" to recognize perfection in acting when they see it, even in one tiny scene.

A memory of that instant came back to me last winter

when I watched Sir Guy Standing's expression in "Mrs. Moonlight," as he held in his arms the girl he thought was his young niece, but who was in reality his bride of twenty years before. She kissed him; and putting her a little away from him he looked down at her, infinitely puzzled, infinitely confused, infinitely tender, not understanding in the least, and yet on the very edge of complete understanding. It was all there, in that look. . . .

So we need not go back to the old plays to find these moments. They are with us today, rare and exquisite episodes in some of our modern plays, episodes which gloriously make up to the playgoer for the infinite boredom he has suffered through countless other dramas.

For me "Green Pastures" had three such moments. The first came when "de Lawd" was walking on the earth, past green banks and tiny cabins, and all the little children knew Him, though their elders did not.

"Good mawnin', de Lawd."

"Good mawnin', chillun."

Another moment came when Gabriel took down his beautiful horn, handling it lovingly and wistfully, even putting it to his lips in an excess of longing to send its call over the earth, and then laying it down in response to "de Lawd's" warning head shake. Comedy, of course. I have not found many others to sympathize with me in this; but I *loved* that moment. Then, last and best of all, came the great bit to which the entire audience invariably responds, "de Lawd's" heart-weary confession to Gabriel: "Even bein' Gawd ain't no bed of roses."

Detach these bits from their proper setting and it is impossible to convey their effect. See them where they belong, in a representation of the impulse of a primitive people reaching out toward their Maker in the only way they know, and the effect is overwhelming and unforgettable.

Overwhelming and unforgettable, too, was the thrill of the death scene in "The Doctor's Dilemma," acted so beautifully and movingly and sincerely by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne that to me it was the highest peak of their professional career. The instant which stands out there is that of Lunt's simple declaration: "And I am not afraid." Also, I should wish to include in these memories Haidee Wright's deathless moment in "Will Shakespeare," when, as Queen Elizabeth, she tells the poet: "Mary's children will reign after me" and, for one blinding instant, lets him realize what the admission means to her. And Ethel Barrymore's big moment in "The Kingdom of God," and those shifting lights of amusement and sympathy on her beautiful face when, as an aged nun, she listens to the bull-fighter's recital of his triumphs and rejoices that through those triumphs the starving children in her orphanage are to have bread. Also I recall the work of Dorothy Stickney in "Philip Goes Forth," in the scene in which the starving poetess illumines the dingy parlor of a New York lodging house by the light from a burning soul.

There must also be mentioned, among more recent plays, the superb moments of Lionel Atwill in the court scene of "The Silent Witness." As I may have said before, and have oftener thought, Mr. Atwill has never

been my idea of an inspired actor. But he is a conscientious one, and as such has at least one Big Moment to his credit. This was the moment in which, while trying to save his son from the gallows by taking upon himself the murder the boy has supposedly committed, the father realizes that his sacrifice is in vain, and in his frantic efforts to deflect the noose that is settling around his son's neck he grows twenty years older in as many seconds, before the eyes of his audience. How Atwill did this I do not know. That he did it every spectator who saw the play will bear witness.

And still the Big Moments crowd back upon memory! How many there are of them, after all, though at the time one always feels that the experience is unique. There is the moment in which, in Barrie's play, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," Beryl Mercer (an artist if there ever was one!) receives the news that her soldier of the Black Watch is no more. There is the moment in which Otis Skinner, as the rollicking gypsy in "The Harvester," pauses at the open door, looks out at the storm-swept world, and makes his choice between home and love and soft comforts and the violence of the wild outer elements he loves. There is the moment in "Old English" when George Arliss tells the butler to put his last drink of brandy in a big glass because he wants to "splash it." There is the moment in "Peer Gynt" in which young Joseph Schildkraut describes to his dying mother the great party they two, he tells her, are attending. "And are there cakes and ale?" she asks; and dies happy, and no longer hungry, with his description of the feast in her ears. There is the moment when Eleanora Duse came forward with a peasant girl's slouch, to face her lover's mother in "Cavalleria Rusticana." And there are moments which are merely pictures, like the moment in which, in Barrie's "Dear Brutus," Violet Kemble Cooper sweeps into the enchanted forest, and the one where Sarah Bernhardt, as "L'Aiglon," stands alone listening to the trumpets of the past.

Moments . . . moments! How grateful for them one is! Some of them are the moments of very great artists. Some of them are the moments of new-comers to the stage. All of them are deathless memories, to relive, to treasure, to be deeply thankful for.

And when these lines are in type, and it is too late to add to them, I shall think of still more moments, even greater, more vital, more deeply moving moments of stage life, which move and stir in memory just too late to receive their little accolade here.

That, too, is life!

REVIEWS

Modern English Reform. By EDWARD P. CHEYNEY. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. \$2.00.

This book contains the Lowell Lectures. There are few, if any, better qualified to be heard on most phases of English history than the former President of the American Historical Association, whose textbooks on English history are known to thousands of teachers and students. In addition to sound and mature historical scholarship, the author brings to his task a sympathetic attitude toward his problem. The book stresses the fact that political, economic and social reforms in the period studied have been

secured by legislation and not by revolution. The successive steps that have characterized the various reforms are traced: (1) the appearance of the individual reformer; (2) the formation of an organization; (3) the introduction of a Bill on the subject in Parliament; (4) debate, investigation and struggle; (5) the enactment of the Bill into law. An account of the wealth and poverty that existed in England in 1800 and the consequent need for reform constitute the opening chapter. The influence of three groups of reformers—the Clapham sect, the Benthamites, and the followers of Francis Place—is indicated. It is noted that other groups as well as individuals were not of inconsiderable help in the great work of reform. Then follow four chapters, the titles of which describe the material presented: reform by Liberation, 1806-1860; the rise of the working classes, 1796-1929; Constructive Reforms, 1860-1914; British Socialism, 1817-1930. Students will find the book a convenient summary of one phase of English history. The general reader, in addition, will see that reforms have been accomplished slowly. Fifty years elapsed between the introduction of a Bill calling for political reform and the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832. Moreover, he will learn that arguments and practices are strikingly similar in different periods of history. The statement of the Duke of Clarence "that change of any kind brought about by any means for any purpose was a bad thing" has its modern counterpart in the belief on the part of some that political and economic matters had best remain as they are. It is interesting to note that in 1835 employers forced employees on condition of re-employing them to sign "The Document," declaring that they were not members of a union and that they would not join or contribute toward the funds of any union. The present day "yellow dog" contracts therefore are the echo of a century-old practice.

E. B. R.

The Asiatic Arcadia or Paradise Lost. By PHILO LAOS MILLS, S.T.D., Washington: The Bengalese Press. \$10.00.

Father Mills is an indefatigable worker and follows up his large work on "Prehistoric Religion" with this 300 page volume on the site of the Garden of Eden. He places this original home of mankind in the region of the Manasarowar Lakes and the Vale of Cashmir. The proof he adduces is cumulative and shows a wide range of investigation. There is an immense amount of erudition crowded into these pages, indicating unusual research. Father Mills entrances the reader with his description of Cashmir, and makes one wish, indeed, that it may be at least a vestige of what was that "paradise of pleasure" before man's disobedience cost him its joys. But unfortunately Father Mills' arguments leave one with the conviction that there is little proof available for his thesis. One is rather surprised at the intrusion of the author's own conclusions, no matter how well founded, into his source-quotations by the insertion of bracketed exclamation marks, quotation marks and "asides." At times, too, he adduces citations which seem to have little bearing on the question, as in the two pages (pp. 159-160) containing the testimony of St. John of the Cross. Again, it is quite disappointing that a work which evidently entailed so much labor and implies so much learning on the part of the author, stopped short of the gruelling task of careful compilation, constant revision, and needed cross-referencing. Despite these drawbacks, Father Mills' book stands as a clearly expressed testimony of his own conviction that it was in or near the Vale of Cashmir that Adam and Eve heard "the voice of the Lord God walking in paradise at the afternoon air."

F. P. LeB.

That Next War? By MAJOR K. A. BRATT. Translated by Ernest Classen. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

The Fight for Peace. By DEVERE ALLEN. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$5.00.

The first book focuses the attention of the reader on the weapons forged for the future war. The author sketches the outlines of the politico-military developments which led to the World War and which are still active. Then he deduces the manner in which this politico-military development, in combination with military

technique, will probably revolutionize warfare and society. In his second part, he considers six dangerous points among which he speaks of black and red Fascism, Asia and the European wars, the Imperialistic wars. He "reflects the forces which more or less consciously promote war." Then "follows the analysis of the forces which possibly may prove strong enough to check existing developments and prevent the outbreak of the next and universal war." Due to existing political and economic activities the author looks for war, but in as much as this war can be avoided the author's view seems pessimistic. Devere Allen, on the other hand, prescinds from the future in his scope. He does not consider peace in the realm of prediction but in the field of history. The fight for peace starts with 1815. Every single agency, religious, political and economic, is recalled by the author. It is an instructive resume of more than half a century of striving for peace. The work was not easy because of its comprehensiveness. For that reason the author could not give a very exhaustive treatment of the subject. His success lies more in historical compilation.

E. B.

A Guide to the Study of Medieval History. By LOUIS JOHN PAETOW. New York: F. S. Crofts and Co. \$6.00.

The new edition of Paetow's "Guide," prepared under the auspices of the Medieval Academy of America should find a place in every Catholic library. Under the general headings of Bibliographical Works, Books of Reference, Auxiliaries to the Study of Medieval History, General Modern Historical Works and Large Collections of Original Sources, there is gathered an extraordinarily rich collection of titles, supplemented by some short but judicious comments. There is everywhere a general recognition of the Catholic contribution to historical scholarship. Thus of the eleven encyclopedic works dealing with the History of the Church and Religion no less than seven of those listed are Catholic. Parts II and III deal with General History and Culture. For each topic of discussion such as Monasticism or the Rise of the Papacy in the Sixth Century, a list of special recommendations for reading is preceded by a suggestive Outline of the matter and followed by a more complete bibliography. The lists include a number of works of a doubtful character, but for the most part the lists are excellent. The Outlines are in some cases marred by meaningless or even mischievous *clichés*. To say, for example, of Monasticism that "it is by no means peculiar to Christianity," or of Gregory the Great that he was "the real founder of the Papacy" is merely to obscure very serious historical and religious issues. There is a general weakness in regard to the history of spirituality. Thus the well-known and scholarly works of Vernet, Pourrat and Saudreau are nowhere mentioned. In regard to Dante there is an admission that a knowledge of Thomistic philosophy is essential to an understanding of his work, and yet no mention is made of three commentaries on Dante by masters of Scholastic thought—Palmieri, Cornoldi and Hettinger.

G. G. W.

Secret Service. By SIR GEORGE ASTON. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$4.00.

The American Black Chamber. By HERBERT O. YARDLEY. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.50.

Here are two books dealing ostensibly with the same subject. Cryptic messages enshrouded in deceptive codes and transmitted either by wire or wireless or written with invisible ink, are the frame-work around which are built the stories told by each author. Sir George Aston treats his subject after the manner of a diplomat, often suppressing real names of both persons and places, and gives only general, though somewhat interesting, impressions. At the end of his book he places an appendix in which certain more or less classroom or schoolboy problems in secret writings are offered as examples for deciphering. His book, though entertaining, has but slight value for any practical student.

"The American Black Chamber" is a book that arouses genuine zeal in the heart of those who delight in solving cross-word puzzles. Here are real thrills. The cryptic message in Poe's "Gold Bug" fades into less than child's play when compared

with the enigmas and mysteries offered for explanation within the pages of Yardley's book. Here we have diplomatic messages of the very gravest import transmitted in codes, cyphers, figures, invisible ink, translated and revealed with the utmost accuracy and exactitude. How Mr. Yardley accomplished this seemingly hopeless and all but impossible task is told frankly and convincingly by the author himself. When one comes, however, to question the ethics of the "Black Chamber," it becomes a nice problem in casuistry to determine whether the Secretary of State was not thoroughly right in abandoning altogether such devious methods of obtaining secret information thus surreptitiously. The defense that all other governments do it even in times of peace, is not a valid argument for imitating a practice intrinsically wrong. No advantage, however profitable, can ever excuse the evil inherent in illicit prying into communications sacredly confidential. Diplomatic intercourse is hallowed with an immunity that warrants respect; violation of such immunity demolishes public, international confidence; right ceases, only might prevails. The intelligence, genius, and persevering labor required for the continued successful solving of problems most intricate and baffling arouse the reader's unstinted applause and excite repeated surprise. One cannot but marvel at the ingenious fertility of the human brain that has mastered the delicate complexities of this labyrinthine science of cryptography as elucidated by Mr. Yardley, while at the same time one cannot but regret the dangerous allurements of applying such talent to the gravely suspected labor of unlawfully revealing serious diplomatic secrets. Mr. Yardley's book is enlightening. The motives of the Secretary of State for suppressing the "Black Chamber" deserve deep thought and serious study.

M. J. S.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Enigmas Solved and Unsolved.—The pathetic spiritual journey of a lost soul seeking religious satisfaction makes up "Something Beyond" (Macmillan. \$4.00). Brought up under Nonconformist influences, then passing, but without definite religious convictions, to the Church of England and ultimately to Anglo-Catholicism, A. F. Webeling finally fell a victim to the Higher Critics and Modernism. This shook his faith in the Established Church, wherein he ministered for a number of years, and drove him, under the influences of the writings of Frederic Myers and others, to psychic science, wherein the reader is told, when the author gathers the threads of his narrative, that he found peace and contentment. Though a teacher in Israel himself, Mr. Webeling seems never to have grasped precisely the nature of the Christian's act of faith. Possibly the best part of the story is the picture he gives of Anglicanism; the least effective, because sadly and patently illogical, his chapter "Shaken Foundations."

In an effort to interpret the significance of life and death, through the subjective phenomena experienced in the loss of her own mother, Elizabeth Drake writes "Enchanted Dust" (Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.00). The little volume is a very unsatisfying discussion of one of the perplexing enigmas human nature is set to solve. The normal reader will find it hard to follow consistently, for there is no consistency, the philosophical and theological vagaries with which the book abounds. Though attempting to speak reverently of Christ, the author's whole Christology is out of harmony with the traditional teaching and with reality. The difficulty of the style adds to the unpleasantness of the reading.

Did Mrs. O'Leary's cow start the Chicago fire? Why is thirteen called a baker's dozen? Do men who marry sisters become brothers-in-law? These and a host of other curious queries that continually flit through the human mind are discussed and replies suggested in "Popular Questions Answered" (Sully. \$2.00) by George W. Stimpson. The volume makes amusing and interesting reading. However, in dealing with some of the questions which touch upon religion the author is not always felicitous or authentic. Thus in discussing whether Christ had brothers and sisters, it is not exactly correct to state that the early Fathers of the Church differed on the point. Nor is sufficient differentiation made in dis-

cussing some religious topics between Catholic and Protestant or popular views. For all that, the volume contains much information that is useful, and a very complete index makes it readily accessible.

Soviet Russia.—Discussions of Soviet Russia continue to pour fourth; and the demand at the moment is for "eye-witnesses." Chief among these is the serious volume of Prof. Calvin B. Hoover, of Duke University, North Carolina, "The Economic Life of Soviet Russia" (Macmillan. \$3.00). Professor Hoover therein painstakingly sets forth the present process, basing his studies on Government statistics. His studied care to avoid all praise and blame, and to confine himself as far as possible to merely economic issues, makes all the more notable his summing up of the weaknesses of the "planned economy," at the end of the book. The true character of Soviet cooperatives, and of Soviet "social insurance" is not concealed; nor the real reasons why the German colonists undertook to leave Russia.

Maurice Hindus' "Red Bread" (Cape and Smith. \$3.50) is in line with his former "Humanity Uprooted," simply a record of what he saw on his return to his boyhood surroundings and friends in Russia, particularly in connection with the *kolkhoz*, the collective-farm movement. Mr. Hindus is enthusiastic over the efficiency of the collective farm as contrasted with the old peasant agriculture. But all his sympathetic description of youthful bravado cannot hide the complete breakdown of moral restraints, as well as the grossness of the anti-religious campaign, specimens of which latter are given in illustrations. He makes no prophecy, either for good or evil, in conclusion.

The "major provisions of the Five Year Plan" are "presented with extraordinary clarity and charm," for the benefit of Russian school children between twelve and fourteen years old, in "New Russia's Primer" (Houghton, Mifflin. \$1.75) translated from the Russian of M. Ilin by George S. Counts and Nucia P. Lodge. The author of this cleverly devised little work evidently made the discovery that it is easier to enthuse children for a novel plan than for the sober story of things as they are or have been. The little ones are duly informed that the United States is a "mad country," by the simple process of selecting some points for demonstration where we are a little mad. The accomplishments of industrialization are fascinatingly described, while the children are led to the idea that the only alternative to the filthy Russian peasants' hut is a Soviet communal home. Directions are given at the end to the children as to how they can help put it all across.

Happy times were reported by Albert Muldavin, a pleasant "Wall Street man" who went on a "business mission" to Russia. in "The Red Fog Lifts" (Appleton. \$2.00). Needless to say, the business mission was a success. The Russian newspapers had "not a line of spicy news," and "practically no advertisements, no one-dollar shirts on sale at ninety-nine cents." These, and countless other details are recorded by the amiable visitor, who is impressed by Soviet justice, bright Young Communists and atheist clubs, who talks with all kinds of people, but is continually troubled by the cable news from capitalistic America. Just how or when the red fog lifted, is not clear. Rather at the close of the entertaining observations it seems a bit thicker than it ever was in the past.

"Each poor and middle peasant," declared Comrade Molotov in his address on March of this year at the sixth All-Union Soviet Congress, "is faced directly with the question of his attitude towards collectivization. He must make his choice. This fact alone means that 1931 is the decisive year for the whole collective movement, the decisive year for the whole work of Socialist construction." The official statement as to the hopes and fears of the Soviet Government concerning the Five Year plan is expressed in this address on "The Success of the Five Year Plan" (International Publishers. \$1.50). In view of the recent reinstatement of the technical intelligentsia, it is interesting to read of Ramzin and his companions as "the last exhalation of the expiring bourgeoisie, among which the putrefying process of decomposition produces such evil-smelling products" (page 65).

Bruce Reynolds, "author of 'A Cocktail Continentale,' 'Paris with the Lid Lifted,' 'The Sweeties in Sweden,' etc., etc.," sails into the Communists good and heavy in "The Communist Shakes His Fist" (Sully. \$2.50). It is a terrific blast and contains plenty of unpleasant truths plainly told, even though the authorities for the same are frequently lacking. The weakness, however, of this and much similar popular anti-Communist literature lies in its following the lead of the less intelligent Communist propaganda. The most vital elements in the case are mixed up with trifling affairs; and the doings of American Communists are afforded exaggerated importance, an importance far beyond their actual influence.

Biographical.—If students of literature go to Cambridge to listen to such a lecture as John Masefield's "Chaucer" (Macmillan. \$1.00) they are welcome to their choice. There is little in this lecture which any American college student cannot get, in better and clearer form in one of the handy editions of Chaucer within easy reach. As a tribute of a Poet Laureate to the founder of his line it is worthy of neither the subject nor the lecturer nor, we venture to add, of the audience. The complete list of Masefield's works facing the title page is worth keeping.

Aquinas and Augustine.—Not the least attractive of the volumes commemorating the fifteenth-hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Augustine, the illustrious Doctor of the Church, is "A Monument to Saint Augustine" (Dial. \$5.00). In a series of scholarly papers contributed by such distinguished British and European writers as Christopher Dawson, Jacques Maritain, Etienne Gilson, and Maurice Blondel, not to mention Father John Baptist Reeves, O.P., and the Rev. C. C. Martindale, M. C. D'Arcy, and Erich Przywara, of the Society of Jesus, various phases of the life, work and writings of the Saint are touched upon. With few exceptions where the authors deal with the more technical philosophical theories of Augustine, the essays can be read and enjoyed even by those who may not have an intimate acquaintance with some of the topics treated. Father Martindale's sketch of the life and character of the Saint is especially good, as is Maritain's study of the Saint in conjunction with the Angel of the Schools, St. Thomas Aquinas.

Another volume occasioned by the Augustine celebration is William Pearson Tolley's study, "The Idea of God in the Philosophy of Saint Augustine" (Richard R. Smith. \$2.00). Conscious that the great Bishop's philosophy rests on the dual conviction that God exists and is man's *summum bonum*, the author undertakes to sketch the development of Augustine's idea of God, initially from the Cassiciacum Dialogues through the changing phases and external circumstances of the Saint's life. The proofs that he offers for the existence of God, as well as his teachings on the nature of the Deity and the doctrine of the Trinity are gone into. Authorities are cited and copious use of St. Augustine's own texts is made. However, the scope of the book is not to give a full account of Augustine's thought so much as to point out what a very important factor the idea of God is in his philosophy.

In translating Etienne Gilson's "Moral Values and the Moral Life" (Herder. \$2.50), Leo Richard Ward, C.S.C., has made available to English readers a splendid study of the ethics of Thomism sadly needed at a time and in a country where sound moral thinking seems to be at a premium. The volume is introduced by an essay on the Saint and his position in the history of Christian thought, and, more specifically, on the importance and significance of his moral system. Following are a half-dozen chapters outlining the more general principles involved in Aquinas' ethics and then as many more treating more practically of the virtues, vices and everything comprised in the domain of morals so far as human life in the concrete is concerned. The general reader will probably find this second part of the volume easier reading. At all events, one interested in his personal character formation will be much helped by it. The discussion is carried on quite substantially in the words of St. Thomas himself. While but a summary it is nevertheless adequate. For reference an index adding to the serviceableness of the book is included.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Pilgrim's Progress

To the Editor of AMERICA:

When The Pilgrim first took up the subject of abuses connected with appeals for help by Religious communities, I for one felt that it was a pity the subject could not have been thrashed out in some strictly clerical magazine, so that the lay-popes could have been kept out of the discussion. Like his first of kin, the anti-clerical, the lay-pope's stock in trade is harping against the clergy, and given an inch he takes a yard. He reads that there have been abuses in the collecting of funds by priests and sisters, and straightway he confuses the issue by lambasting everyone asking for funds outside his own diocese for whatever cause. He reads that Father Adams has protested against the building of cathedral-like churches in localities that cannot afford them, and he proceeds to criticize his parish priest for building a church seating 800 people at a cost of \$400,000. Of course, Father Adams knows that if a pastor without an assistant can collect \$40,000 in one year without using so much as thirty minutes' pulpit time during that year on the subject of money, such a parish can well afford a \$400,000 church with a \$250,000 mortgage. Anyway a great Cardinal noted as a builder, his consultants, and a gifted pastor thought thus.

I know of nothing in America today that is so exasperating as the sight of priests and nuns wearing out their lives in an effort to humor people who get deeply religious at about forty, and then feel called upon to reform everything connected with the Church. A strong editorial in AMERICA on retreats puts such a person in a frenzy because the pastor does not see fit to encourage the retreat movement at the moment; he is too busy reforming the pastor to stop to think that the editorial may have been written by a good Jesuit who probably has a mixed choir in his parish church a quarter of a century after the Pope forbade such choirs. And so it goes in regards to an endless series of questions; the superficialist thinks he knows it all, and the priest with a lifetime of thought on the subject cannot find time to straighten him out. I know of one such group of busybodies who have for a pastor a man like unto Newman in the gentility of his nature, with the mark of a gentleman about him that can scarcely be matched in the diocese, who, when pitted against these people, brings to the mind Msgr. Benson wearing out his life tolerating bores rather than let them know that they were wearing his heart out. It ill becomes AMERICA to give such people a hearing.

LaGrange, Ill.

C. V. HIGGINS.

[The chief sufferers from commercialized begging are priests and nuns who are wearing out their lives in our poverty-stricken home missions, and find their honest, authorized appeals frustrated by scheming professionals. It is only by awakening the laity at large to the harm done by such practices that these elements can be suppressed, and the field left open to the expression of legitimate needs.—Ed. AMERICA.]

Characters and Types

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Does the editorial entitled "Miracles," in the issue of AMERICA for August 1 refer to Bruce Marshall's "Father Malachy's Miracle" as the "recent publication which has grievously scandalized the uncommonly pious"? Rather a sweeping statement that. Some of us are rated by our pastors as being a little too loose and fast, especially we who profess to be teachers and professors of English literature. And yet we, too, take exception to Marshall's book. It is clever and funny, and has some very fine passages relative to Catholic doctrine, but it is also vulgar in parts. And, pray, why such a despicable portrait of a Bishop?

Perhaps I am not in a position to judge of the persons that grace the hierarchy, because, forsooth, I meet them only in com-

pany of men of the world, where, perhaps, they are particularly on their guard not to offend. Or perhaps such prelates as the Archbishop of Baltimore, the Archbishop of Cincinnati, the Archbishop of Portland, the Archbishop of San Francisco, the Bishop of Los Angeles, and the scholarly Bishop of Reno, are in a class by themselves, and so are not representative of the men that grace the Episcopacy of England. If so, I have no more to say, and Marshall is right in showing them up.

San Jose.

R. P. MALUNS.

[The writer makes the mistake of thinking that the Bishop in Bruce Marshall's book was intended to be a caricature of all the Bishops of Scotland, and not an individual, and imaginary, creation.—Ed. AMERICA.]

Lourdes Lecturer

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some months ago your columns reflected Catholic indignation aroused by a medical writer's slur on the cures of Lourdes.

It will interest your readers now to learn that a member of the Lourdes Medical Bureau will shortly visit America on a lecture tour. Dr. John J. A. Sherry, assistant to Dr. Vallet at the Bureau, will arrive in New York early in November and will spend some time in the country lecturing on the cures of Lourdes as seen from the scientific viewpoint.

Dr. Sherry was graduated at Dublin, practised in London, and served through the War as an army doctor. He has lectured on Lourdes with considerable success in Ireland and England.

Dr. Sherry has witnessed cures. He has handled the evidence. He has the records. He brings with him forty or fifty slides, including reproductions of X-Ray photographs. His coming to the United States presents American Catholics and non-Catholics with a rare opportunity to learn from an authoritative source the marvelous facts of Lourdes.

As he is on duty throughout the summer at the Bureau in Lourdes, Dr. Sherry has asked me to act for him in making detailed arrangements for his tour. This I am gladly doing.

It will be a pleasure for me to give any of your readers full information regarding the lectures.

St. Columbans, Neb.

REV. E. J. MCCARTHY.

American Bigots in Mexico

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On reading the editorial, "Bolshevism in Vera Cruz," in the issue of AMERICA for August 8, I was forced to think that you disguised the truth a bit. Is it really Bolshevism at work, or isn't it just plain American bigotry?

Such a question may at first sound a little rebellious to the orthodox American. But there are circumstances to be noted. As everyone knows, Mexico has been strongly Catholic for its entire existence. The people there have been devout Catholics for generations. Certainly such a people will not forsake God at the orders of a monarch. Then there is the United States, one of Mexico's nearest neighbors and most frequent visitors, which has been for its entire existence strongly bigoted, one might say, even to the point of intolerance.

In our American schools there have been fostered societies and men most intolerant of anything Catholic. Although supposedly educated men, their beliefs concerning the Church are simple. Catholics, they inform us, are "unscientific," and thus stand in the way of true learning. Their alleged powers of thought, they claim, have been suppressed by the Church. And so they have revolted and set themselves up as the missionaries of "freedom of thought and the liberty of the people."

They have traversed the globe, supported by large gifts from their would-be philanthropic friends. They have at last alighted in Mexico and are about their business. The first report they send us is that our brethren of the South are grossly ignorant, due to the influence of the Catholic Church. As their creed dictates, they judge everything by their own standards.

These men are not Bolsheviks, but Americans, graduates of some of the biggest American universities.

New York.

F. M. F.